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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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For the Register.

A TREATISE UPON THE ADVANTAGES OF NOT KNOWING ONE'S FATE BEFOREHAND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GELLERT.

[Concluded.]

But, it may be answered, he wilfully mistakes, who looks at a thing only on its dark side. Remember, that in like manner as fear increases a certain calamity, hope on the other part, enhances a certain approaching good. This is not so easy to determine. For in order to compare prosperity and adversity, and if one may so say, to balance them against each other, there should be some common relation between them. Perhaps my calamity is to be the loss of my good name, and the success which I am to experience in compensation, will be the acquisition of great riches. These two things are incapable of being weighed together, so far as we consider men and their fashion of estimating good, which is directed by their temperament and previous modes of judging. Because the power with which one class of things affects me through fear, and another through hope, lays not so much in the things themselves, as in my character and my own individual longing, whether it be more or less, for honors or riches. If I am naturally ambitious, and see beforehand that in two years it will be all over with my good name, yet that I shall be worth at that time or before, ten thousand dollars; this hope will be of small value to me compared with the impression created by the dread of future shame. And when I would compare good and evil, and their companions fear and hope, my own propensities must form the basis of the comparison. Thus the desire of fame and dread of shame, being in themselves alike, are separated only by our way of thinking. Hence honor and shame, riches and poverty, pleasure and pain must be present to our minds, if we would institute a companion of the magnitude of the hopes or fears excited by them. But this is not permitted in the course of fate. He who has incurred disgrace while he covets honor, cannot hope again for honor. And the avaricious man who has lost his property, cannot hope again for another fortune. Thus it is seldom true, that the gratification arising from the hope of a certain good which I foresee, will be as great as the pain arising from the fear of a foreseen evil.

Now then can I know in what proportion the hings which I desire as gratifications, will be bestowed on me? and whether the little success allotted to me may not include a greater amount of calamity? Shall I not feel myself to be in danger as soon as I foresee that my life is to be of this description? How happy should I esteem myself, had my Creator concealed it from me? Yet would there not be a growing satisfaction, were I to carry with me in memory the certain tidings of a happiness which was to be mine at the end of ten years? Were I to know, for instance, that I should then marry a most amiable, intelligent, affectionate and faithful spouse? How quickly, how pleasantly, would these years pass away? I greatly doubt it. My hope would become a burden to me, since it could not be immediately gratified. For just as misfortune always comes too soon, good fortune, however early it may arrive, always comes too late.

Indeed I believe that those do not judge incorrectly, who insist, that with the generality of us at least, the gratification would be diminished, by a circumstantial foreknowledge of our good fortune on the earth. Happiness, as we conceive of it, and ordinarily wish and expect it, is universally greater than that which we actually attain, and we may say that our wishes define the limits of our expectations. And how vast and indefinite are they! But supposing that we were acquainted with our future prosperity, it would then be no longer in our power to expect that which we desire, our expectations would be regulated by our actual fortune. And if this were humble, or at least in comparison with our wishes, humble; the gratification of these expectations would afford less pleasure than if we had remained ignorant of our destiny.

But we will not further examine into expectation, as an antepast of our prosperity. We will rather examine whether the very satisfaction which the actual enjoyment of pleasure yields us, would not be diminished, if we had a previous knowledge of it. Such is my opinion. There is a sort of fear which stimulates the sense of pleasure, as pungent spices season certain kinds of food. This it is which causes us to enjoy the pleasure with a keener relish. Why am I often so tenderly moved, while enjoying an accession of good fortune? Generally, because I am now at last free from the fearful doubt whether I shall attain it. But my sensibility would be diminished had not fear imparted full activity to my feelings. This would be over if I had a foreknowledge of my good fortune. Moreover it is true, that an unexpected happiness takes greater hold of us, than one which we had anticipated, the circumstances of both being equal. Finally, if we foresaw our fortunes, we should also perceive, that we are for the most part indebted neither to our skill nor merit, but must often thank accident and other men. And in this way our vanity would be deprived of a high gratification, as in our present circumstances, we usually ascribe the success of our lives, though without reason, to our own deserts. And even though it be an error, yet an error can afford us satisfaction as long as we regard it as a truth. Do we still wish to know our fortunes beforehand?

One more suggestion. It may be supposed that I should be better prepared for my destiny in life, if I were previously acquainted with it. This I consider as a delusion, and it may be abundantly answered. Upon one point only will I touch. Upon the supposition that I had no natural taste for the mode of life which my future destiny required, I should be all the less inclined to adopt it; because my fortune would be sure, and where would be the necessity of my doing myself an inconvenience! With or without merit, I am sure of reaching the condition which is appointed for me. And if I were inclined to this situation, I should qualify myself for it, though without a foreknowledge that it would be allotted to me. Where then is the advantage of my discerning that it is to be my portion?

Thus far we have only inquired how it would fare with each one individually, if he foreknew his fate. But we may not merely consider ourselves apart from others. We must also examine what the effect upon the whole would be on the world and the course of events, were each one to know what was to befall him. For my own part, I should be unable to live in the world, if men retained their free will and knew their fate beforehand. It would be totally changed from what it now is to us without this knowledge. A single action of one man often influences the destiny of many thousand men. Hope and fear are the clues to our actions; change these or take them away, and our actions are changed or prevented. But how different would be our hope and fear, if we foreknew what was to happen! So too our actions, in so far as they proceed from our free will, would be differently performed, could we foresee their issue. Would Philip have sent forth the invincible Armada, if he had seen beforehand, what he saw at the end! It is incredible. All the men too who perished with this fleet, had been either prosperous or the reverse, and would have experienced a different fate from that which befel them, if Philip had previously known the issue of the affair. In the same manner we may judge how different other events in the world would have been, had every one foreseen what was to be the issue of his undertakings. But some one may suggest on the other part that an incalculable amount of mischief dependent on the free will of men might be avoided, if we could penetrate into futurity and discern the course of events. All this is doubtful. If with our foreknowledge we were to retain the appetites and passions which we now have; sufficient wickedness and folly would at all times remain in the world. And though this or that evil act might be omitted, some other would be perpetrated in its place. I will grant that we might desist from those vices which bring their own punishment; but should we desist also from the rest? In the first case, what would become of our freedom and virtue? Intemperance is a vice which in many is its own chastiser. If Strephon, who by drink shortened his life ten years, could have seen that this would happen; he would perhaps have discontinued it, and thus there would have been one evil less in the world. True, but would this be free choice and virtue? Must not the impression of the anticipation that you would die before your time by intemperate drinking, necessarily be as strong, as if one stood before you with a drawn sword, and forcibly detained you from what, but for this compulsion, you would have continued to do. Is this restraint or freedom? But we see in fact that many desperate drunkards, many who are prodigally extravagant in their pleasures, attain, notwithstanding, the utmost limit of human age, and live all along in outward happiness. How are such persons to be withheld from their vices? What mischief would be occasioned by the single circumstance of our knowing with certainty the day and manner of our death. What would be the effects of a knowledge of the happy, and what the consequences of knowing the adverse events—and such must befall us—in the course of life? How whole families would bewail an impending calamity. Then, others would be intoxicated with joy and rapture at an approaching felicity. None would continue to be industrious, none would regard the common weal. How often would despair prompt persons to take away their own lives, or those of others! The father would destroy his son in the cradle, rather than see him perish in his thirtieth year, under the hangman. To-day we should put out of the way the friend who was to rob us of our fortune to-morrow; and to-morrow perhaps another would destroy us from revenge, or we should commit suicide through remorse. In short, the world could not long subsist, if we were circumstantially acquainted with our fate beforehand. Many would die of grief and vexation in the bloom of life, or dose away lethargically, not having much to fear. At present, we delude ourselves with the hope that our good fortune will soon arrive; and so one day imperceptibly glides away after another. We fear evils which are uncertain, and consequently we remain composed and capable of averting them. What prating revelations would men make to one another of their fortunes, if they knew them before hand; and what envy and mischief would be the consequence! What would Cæsar have done, had he known he was to perish in the senate-house! Would Cicero have originated so much good—would he with all his ambition, ever have consented to be Consul, had he seen that a violent death was to be the recompense of his patriotism? Would numerous other persons have struggled after a boon of fortune, could they have foreseen all the toil and difficulty sustained for its accomplishment; though coming upon them gradually year by year, they overcame, even without their own knowledge. Who would be willing to undertake any great and praise-worthy action, if the knowledge of his destiny deprived him of the reward of hope? Who would confide in God, and call on him for help under unavoidable misfortune? And under permanent prosperity, who would show moderation, gratitude towards providence, humility and abounding love towards men? Would not virtue and religion be nearly annihilated by a circumstantial foreknowledge!

In short, when a man longs to foreknow his future destiny in all its circumstances, he desires something, in one or another sense, contradictory. He either wishes to know beforehand contingencies which cease to be contingencies so soon as he knows them, and so long as with his foreknowledge he retains the inclinations, appetites and passions together with the freedom of the will, in which his nature at present consists; that is, he wishes to know that something will ensue which will not ensue. What a contradiction! Or were it possible for these contingencies still to occur, he is wishing to love either the present tendencies of his nature or his free will; that is, he wishes to be a man and not a man, at the same time. So contradictory and foolish is the longing of a curiosity to circumstantially foreknow one's future destiny. But granting that it were exempt from these reproaches, still it would be the most prejudicial wish which man could form against himself. Admitting that the world and human nature could continue, into what a hell would the world be converted, and what an appalling fortune would it be to be born a man! Ah! were there even men who possessed the power to foretell to me my fate, I would implore and adjure them to conceal in silence from me their luckless wisdom. Pestilence, famine and the sword are great scourges to a country, but the casters of nativities are to the whole human race, far more fearful than all these evils.

O.

LETTERS OF CONSOLATION.

FROM JOHN FOSTER.

We would most heartily commend to our readers the Life of John Foster. To us it has been an instructive and interesting book. Like other human works, it is to be read with thought and discrimination. But there is in it so much life and wit, so much true piety and so little cant, that it must be useful to those who read it in the right spirit. We hope from time to time to give many extracts from it. To-day we give portions of two letters to Mrs. Mant.

Downend, March 9, 1802.

. . . . I was so much ashamed of my negligence when I wrote before, and am so very much delighted to hear from you again, that I feel myself quite compelled to sit down and write to you immediately. You may, my friend, be assured that, writing or silent, I retain the same sincere and friendly regard which I have ever felt, and I think it cannot die away till memory fail. Your virtues and your kindness often return on my remembrance with a very grateful influence, something like what I have felt this morning in observing the first symptoms of approaching spring. I always deem you one of the persons most eminently deserving to be happy that I have known; and I am persuaded, I am *certain* you *will* be happy, and sublimely so. I cannot be sanguine in painting for you scenes of pleasure in *this* world,—alas, hope as long ceased to be sanguine for *myself*;—but, what will soon signify this world to us! we are passing away with all the speed of time; let us look forward to the grand vision beyond the shade of Death!—*There* is our country; there is the sweet paradise of peace and ever-blooming delights; there is our father's house. I have been thinking for some time past, with more than usual clearness and seriousness of thought, of the vanities of all things in this life. It has not been a vain speculation, just adapted to be uttered in so many sentences, to be soon forgotten both by the speaker and those that hear, but a cogent, convincing, and, in some degree, influential train of thought. The effect of it has been, in a measure, to make me more fervent in supplicating the final felicity of the soul, be the present life what it may; to make me more resigned to the determinations of Providence, and more concerned to fulfil the *duties* of this transient period, whatever become of its pleasures. We have passed a large, a very large part of our life—soon the end will come; and when we look back from the region of immortality, how trivial will appear all the present sorrows and cares—trivial, except in point of *utility*, in which point they may have been most important and advantageous. "These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

I often sympathize with the desolate feelings which you suffer while surrounded by ———, of whom, on this very account, it is impossible for me not to entertain a very mean opinion. But be comforted; you have had very sufficient evidence that their habits, feelings, thoughts, and tastes, are by no means adapted to mingle with yours, and *therefore* you are left solitary. Shall you be sorry that your mind is too serious, too thoughtful, and too religious, to suit their society! Could you be willing, in these important points, to humble down to a complacent agreement with their levity or their oddity! You ought to feel your superiority, and dismiss the anxious wish for a companionship which you have amply found you cannot purchase but by descending to their level; a level where you would never feel happy, if you *did* descend to it. Is not this fair consolation? . . . . And oh! above all, think of your great Father in heaven, whose friendship *can* be gained, and daily enjoyed, and kept forever! This grand idea often flashes on my mind like lightning from the sky, while I am musing over my desolate feeling, something like yourself, and regretting the want of those tender connexions which sometimes seem as if they would give life so much more interest and value. The more totally we are devoted to God, my friend, the more independent we shall be for the pleasures on all other beings. What a sublime consolation! if we can *not* have the creatures, we *can* have the Creator. And then, ere long, we shall see and love, and be loved by the *noblest of his creatures*; the great inhabitants of that superior world, where none of the imperfections of vain fickle mortals can intrude. . . .

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How natural the thoughts that follow:

My remembrance of you does not depend on particular dates of months and days, or on any other thing foreign to that internal mind in which it faithfully and permanently resides. There it would always exist without any external object to awaken it or keep it alive, and always connected with a very cordial friendly feeling. Yet sometimes this remembrance is forcibly recalled by anything that resembles any part of your house, your furniture, your vine, or any of the scenes in the vicinity of Chichester. This association of ideas is a very curious thing; here is an instance of it—the elegant little drawing which you gave me has been out of sight a considerable time, in one of my boxes, whence I just now took it out. No sooner did it appear than a swarm of recollections got about me, presenting, as with a hundred tiny fairy hands, a hundred other minature pictures to my fancy; as, for instance, portraits of you, of Mr De ——, of Miss W——, and many other persons; the pictures in the little room which I once occupied, and a sight of your *vine*; but here imagination was to produce a double effect at the same time; for I would not see it fruitless and leafless, but made it appear in a green and tantalizing form, with several such good-natured clusters bending almost within the casement for me to take 'em, but in vain! But how often this very object has been before me in reality, and not as a vision of imagination. Yes, I think of it, and ask myself with a kind of wonder, "Have I really been very often in that place, where these objects are real?" I feel it difficult fully to grasp the idea, that this person—I—am the same that have been a long time in *that* place and am now in *this* place, so far removed. Did I really once live at Chichester! I really do believe I did. I certainly either did, or have dreamed that I did; and I seem to have the images before me even now of many things and persons which I saw there, and something very like recollection of things that I did and said there. I seem to recollect a neat meetinghouse in which methinks I used to walk till I wore one of the aisles so much as to alarm some of the good people for the safety of the place. There was a long, solitary, rural lane, called "Watery Lane," in which I verily think I used sometimes to muse; and I seem to recollect even now some of the sentiments that I felt there, and some of objects which I saw. Would you believe that I recollect an incomparably beautiful reflection of the sky in a small piece of water there; a grasshopper of very great size; an adventure with an ox; a pair of magnificent butterflies; and a most beautiful rainbow scene, which I at the time anxiously charged my imagination to retain forever—not to mention all the apparitions and horrid visions that I conversed with in that place? It is very gratifying thus to be able to retain the images of some objects and scenes long after they have been removed far from sight. But what a number of ideas imparted by objects once present to these eyes are irrevocably gone! Since I left you more than three years and a half have now elapsed, a considerable and serious space to have advanced towards the final, fatal hour. Many that both of us then knew alive, are now removed to the invisible region. To us, my friend, the time will come, and no point to which it is possible for our life to be protracted can justly be called remote, while we see time pass so fast away. Well, and let it come! I am persuaded my excellent friend still regards the prospect of death as the prime of her pleasures. And with this sublime consciousness, how little you can envy the vain pleasures around you! These pleasures will soon fade into a dreary autumn; yours are beginning to bud into the living green of an eternal spring. You would not exchange—no enlightened mind would exchange—*one* of the consolatory and radiant ideas that beam upon you sometimes from *hereafter*, for all the delights for which fools solicit and worship this world. Say to yourself, "I have not parade and splendor, nor giddy juvenile gaiety, nor amusements, nor so much of the kind sympathies of friendship as I could wish; but I have the promises and the fidelity of a God, the assurance of a guardian Providence, the intercession of a Redeemer, the visions of Eternity, the prospects of Paradise." My friend, I love to suggest such ideas to *you*, because they are appropriate to you. If I were to meet some of your gay neighbors in a pensive mood, I should not know how to console them, but with you I have no difficulty.

Thoughts of this kind would not come with so good a grace from me, if I myself were, the while, enjoying all the pleasures of this life. But the case is not so. My lot has probably some advantages over yours, but it is not such as to prevent my needing the full force of the consolations which I wish to suggest to you. And, my friend, would it be a good thing for life to be so crowded with temporal felicities as to make us forget eternity! Take for your motto the text, "All things work together for good to them that love God." . . .

I do not rate the social intercourse so low as that I could not wish you had some one or two pleasant friends to beguile and exhilarate your long evenings, this wintry season. But, my friend, we cannot *transform* our neighbors; . . . . we cannot *create* interesting human beings; nor can we bring them flying through the air from distant places, like the witches that used to ride on broomsticks, and make them, at will, alight by the firesides. Consider, too, that as we cannot make others such as we wish, so neither do we choose to make ourselves such as *they* wish. My friend might have more society, if she would only be vain and frivolous; but will she, for the sake of the society, give up the dignity of character which is of more value to her than that which she might gain by sacrificing it!

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[From Tait's Magazine.]

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "A GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

Some four or five years ago, the inhabitants of a large city in the north of Scotland were apprised, by handbills, that James Montgomery, Esq., of Sheffield, the poet, was to address a meeting on the subject of Moravian missions.—This announcement, in the language of Dr. Cains, "did bring de water into your mouth."—The thought of seeing a live poet, of European reputation, arriving at our very door, in a remote corner, was absolutely electrifying. We went early to the chapel where he was announced to speak, and ere the lion of the evening appeared, amused ourselves with watching and analyzing the audience which his celebrity had collected. It was not very numerous, and not very select. Few of the grandees of the city had condescended to honor him by their presence.—Stranger still, there was but a sparse supply of clergy, or of the prominent religionists of the town. The church was chiefly filled with females of a certain age, one or two stray "hero worshippers" like ourselves, a few young ladies who had read some of his minor poems, and whose eyes seemed lighted up with a gentle fire of the pleasure in the prospect of seeing the author of those "beautiful verses on the Grave, and Prayer," and two or three who had come from ten miles off to see and hear the celebrated poet. When he at length appeared, we continued to marvel at the aspect of the platform.—Instead of being supported by the *elite* of the city, instead of forming a rallying centre of attraction and unity to all who had a sympathy with piety or with genius for leagues around it, a few obscure individuals presented themselves, who seemed rather anxious to catch a little *eclat* from him, than to delight to do him honor — The evening was rather advanced ere he rose to speak. His appearance, so far as we could catch it, was quite in keeping with the spiritual cast of his poetry. He was tall, thin, bald, with face of sharp outline, but mild expression; and we looked with no little reverence on the eye which had shot fire into the Pelican Island, and on the hand, (skinny enough we ween,) which had written "The Grave." He spoke in a low voice, sinking occasionally into an inaudible whisper; but his action was fiery and his pantomime striking. In the course of his speech he alluded, with considerable effect, to the early heroic struggles of Moravianism, when she was yet alone in the death-grapple with the powers of Heathen darkness, and closed (when *did* he ever close a speech otherwise!) by quoting a few vigorous verses from himself.

We left the meeting, we remember, with two wondering questions ringing in our ears: first, Is this fame! of what value reputation, which in a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, is so freezingly acknowledged! Would not any empty, mouthing charlatan, any "twopenny tear-mouth," any painted, stupid savage, any clever juggler, any dexterous player upon the fiery harp-strings of the popular passions, have enjoyed a better reception than this true, tender, and holy poet? But secondly, Is not this true, tender, and holy poet partly himself to blame! Has he not too readily lent himself as an instrument of popular excitement! Is this progress of his altogether a proper, a poet's progress!—Would Milton, or Cowper, or Wordsworth have submitted to it! And is it in good taste for him to eke out his orations by long extracts from his own poems? Homer, it is true, sang his own verses; but he did it for food. Montgomery recites them, but it is for fame.

We pass now gladly—as we did in thought then—from the progress to the poet-pilgrim himself. We have long admired and loved James Montgomery. We loved him ere we could admire him: we wept under his spell ere we did either one or the other. We will not soon forget the Sabbath evening—it was in golden summer tide—when we first heard his "Grave" repeated, and wept as we heard it.—It seemed to come, as it professed to come, from the grave itself—a still small voice of comfort and of hope, even from that stern abyss.—It was a fine and bold idea to turn the great enemy into a comforter, and elicit such a reply, so tender and submissive, to the challenge, "O Grave, where is thy victory!" Triumphing in prospect over the Sun himself, the grave proclaims the superiority and immunity of the soul—

> The Sun is but a spark of fire,
> A transient meteor in the sky;
> But thou! immortal as his Sire,
> Shalt never die.

Surely no well in the wilderness ever sparkled out to the thirsty traveller a voice more musical, more tender, and more cheering, than this which Montgomery educes from the jaws of the narrow house. Soon afterwards we became acquainted with some of his other small pieces, which then seized and which still occupy the principle place in our regards. Indeed, it is on his little poems that the permanency of his fame is likely to rest, as it is into them that he has chiefly shed the peculiarity and the beauty of his genius. James Montgomery has little inventive or dramatic powers; he cannot write an epic: none of his larger poems, while some are bulky, can be called great; but he is the best writer of hymns (understanding a hymn simply to mean a short religious effusion) in the language. He catches the transient emotions of the pious heart, which arise in the calm evening walk, where the saints, like Isaac, go out into the fields to meditate; or under the still and star-fretted midnight; or on his "own delightful bed;" or in pensive contemplations of the "Common Lot;" or under the Swiss heaven, where evening hardly closes the eye of Mont Blanc, and stirs lake Leman's waters with a murmur like a sleeper's prayer: wherever, in short, piety kindles into the poetic feeling such emotions, he catches, refines, and embalms in his snatches of lyric song. As Wordsworth has expressed sentiments which the "solitary lover of nature was unable to utter save with glistening eye and faltering tongue," so Montgomery has given poetic form and words, to breathings and pantings of the Christian's spirit, which himself never suspected to be poetical at all, till he saw them reflected in verses. He has caught and crystallized the tear dropping from the penitent's eye; he has echoed the burden of the heart, sighing with gratitude to Heaven; he has arrested and fixed in melody, the "upward glancing of an eye, when none but God is near." In his verse, and in Cowper's, the poetry of ages of devotion has broken silence, and spoken out. Religion, the most poetical of all things, had, for a long season, been divorced from song, or had mistaken pert jingle, impudent familiarity, and doggerel, for its genuine voice. It was reserved for the bards of Olney and Sheffield to renew and to strengthen the lawful and holy wedlock.

Montgomery, then, is a religious lyrist, and as such, is distinguished by many peculiar merits. His first quality is a certain quiet simplicity of language and of purpose. His is not the ostentatious, elaborate, and systematic simplicity or Wordsworth; it is unobtrusive, and essential to the action of his mind. It is a simplicity, which the dilligent student of Scripture seldoms fails to derive from its pages, particularly from its histories and its psalms. It is the simplicity of a spirit which religion has subdued as well as elevated, and which consciously spreads abroad the wings of its imagination, under the eye of God. As if each poem were a prayer, so is he sedulous that its words be few and well ordered. In short, his is not so much the simplicity of art, nor the simplicity of nature, as it is the simplicity of faith. It is the virgin dress of one of the white-robed priests in the ancient temple. It is a simplicity which, by easy and rapid transition, mounts into bold and manly enthusiasm. One is reminded of the artless sinkings and soarings, lingerings and hurryings of David's matchless minstrelsies, which come and go like the sounds of music borne on the wind. Profound insight is not peculiarly Montgomery's forte. He is rather a seraph than a cherub; rather a burning than a knowing one. He kneels; he looks upward with rapt eye; he covers at times his face with his wing; but he does not ask awful questions, or cast strong though baffled glances into the solid and intolerable glory. You can never apply to him the words of Gray. He never has "passed the bounds of flaming space, where angels tremble as they gaze." He has never invaded those lofty but dangerous regions of speculative thought, where some have dwelt till they have lost all of piety, save its grandeur and gloom. He does not reason, far less doubt, on the subject of religion at all; it is his only to wonder, to love, to weep, and to adore. Sometimes, but seldom can he be called a sublime writer. In his "Wanderer of Switzerland," he blows a bold horn, but the echoes and the avalanches of the highest Alps will not answer or fall to his reveille. In his "Greenland," he expresses but faintly the poetry of Frost; and his line is often cold as a glacier. His "World before the Flood" is a misnomer. It is not the young, virgin, undrowned world it professes to be. In his "West Indies," there is more of the ardent emancipator than the poet; you catch but dimly, through its correct and measured verse, a glimpse of Ethiopia, a dreadful appellant, standing with one shackled foot on the rock of Giberaltar, and the other on the Cape of Good Hope, and "stretching forth her hands" to an avenging God. And although, in the horrors of the middle passage, there were elements of poetry, yet it was a poetry which our author's genius is too gentle and timid fully to extract.—As soon could he have added a story to Ugolino's tower, or another circle to the Inferno, as have painted that pit of heat, hunger, and howling despair, the hold of a slave-vessel. Let him have his praise, however, as the constant and eloquent friend of the negro, and as the laureate of his freedom. The high note struck at first by Cowper in his lines, "I would not have a slave," &c., it was reserved for Montgomery to echo and swell up, in reply to the full diapason of the liberty of Ham's children, proclaimed in all the isles which Britain claims as hers. And let us hope that he will be rewarded, before the close of his existence, by hearing, though it were in an ear half-shut in death, a louder, deeper, more victorious shout springing from emancipated America, and of saying, like Simeon of old, "Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eys have seen thy salvation."

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"Among Montgomery's smaller poems, the finest is the "Stanzas at Midnight," composed in Switzerland, and which we see inserted in Longfellow's beautiful romance of Hyperion, with no notice or apparent knowledge of their authorship. They describe a mood of his own mind while passing a night among the Alps, and contain a faithful transcript of the emotions which, thick and sombre as the shadows of the mountains, crossed his soul in its solitude. There are no words of Foster's, which to us possess more meaning than that simple expression in his first essay, "solemn meditations of the night." Nothing in spiritual history is more interesting. What vast tracts of thought does the mind sometimes traverse when it cannot sleep! What ideas, that had bashfully presented themselves in the light of day, now stand out in bold relief, and authoritative dignity! How vividly appear before us the memories of the past!

How do, alas! past struggles and sin return to recollection, rekindling on our cheeks their first fierce blushes unseen in the darkness! How new a light is cast upon the great subjects of spiritual contemplation! What a "browner horror" falls upon the throne of death, and the pale kingdoms of the grave! What projects are then formed, what darings of purpose conceived, and how fully can we then understand the meaning of the poet,

"In lonely glens, amid the roar of rivers,
When the still nights were moonless have I known
Joys that no tongue can tell; my pale lip quivers
When thought revisits them!"

And when, through the window, looks in on us one full glance of a clear large star, how startlingly it seems, like a conscious, mild, yet piercing eye; how strongly it points, how soothingly it mingles with our meditations, and as with a laash of fire, leads them away into still remoter and more mysterious regions of thought! Such a meditation Montgomery has embodied in these beautiful verses; but then HE is up amid the midnight and all its stars; he is out amid the Alps, and is catching on his brow the living breath of that rarest inspiration which moves amid them, then, and then alone.

We mentioned Cowper in conjunction with Montgomery in a former sentence. They resemble each other in the pious purpose and general simplicity of their writings, but otherwise are entirely distinct. Cowper's is a didactic, Montgomery's a romantic piety. Cowper's is a gloomy, Montgomery's a cheerful religion.—Cowper has in him a fierce and bitter vein of satire, often irritating into invective; we find no traces of any such thing in all Montgomery's writings. Cowper's withering denunciations seem shreds of Elijah's mantle, torn off in the fiery whirlwind. Montgomery is clothed in the softer garments, and breathes the gentler genius of the new economy. And as poets, Montgomery, with more imagination and elegance, is entirely destitute of the rugged strength of sentiment, the exquisite keenness of observation, the rich humor and the awful personal pathos of Cowper."

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Of Montgomery's prose we might say much that was favorable. It is truly "Prose by a Poet," to borrow the title of one of his works. You see the poet every now and then dropping his mask, and showing his flaming eyes. It is enough to confute the vulgar prejudice against the prose of poets. Who indeed but a poet has ever written, or can ever write good prose, prose that will live? What prose, to take but one example, is comparable to the prose of Shakspeare—many of whose very best passages, as Hamlet's description of man, Falstaff's death, the speech of Brutus, that dreadful grace before meat of Timon, which is of misanthropy the quaintest and most appalling quitessence, and seems fit to have preceded a supper in Eblis, &c., are not in verse! Montgomery's prose criticism we value less for its exposition of principles, or for its originality, in which respects it is deficient, than for its generous and eloquent enthusiasm. It is delightful to find in an author, who had so to struggle up his way to distinction, such a fresh and constant sympathy with the success and the merits of others. In this point he reminds us of Shelley, who, hurled down at one time, by universal acclamation, into the lowest abyss of contempt, both as an author and a man, could look up from it, to breathe sincere admiration toward those who had usurped the place in public favor to which he was, and he knew he was, entitled. We are not reminded of the Lakers, whose tarn-like narrowness of critical spirit is the worst and weakest feature in their characters. Truly a great mind never looks so contemptible as when, stooping from its pride of place, it exchanges its own high aspirations after fame, for poor mouse-like nibblings at the reputation of others.

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We return to James Montgomery only to bid him farewell. He is one of the few lingering stars in a very rich constellation of poets, Byron, Coleridge, Southey, Crabbe, Campbell, Shelley, Keats, &c., are gone: some burst to shivers by their own impetuous motion; others, in the course of nature, having simply ceased to shine. Three of that cluster yet remain, in Wordsworth, Moore, and Montgomery. Let us, without absurdly and malignantly denying merit to our rising luminaries, (some of whom, such as Browning, Tennyson, and Baillie, we hope yet to see emulating the very highest of the departed,) with peculiar tenderness cherish these, both for their own sakes, and as still linking us to a period in our literary history so splendid.

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USE OF THE BODY.

The eloquent and amiable author of the power of the "Soul over the Body," has issued another volume on a kindred subject, *The Use of the Body, in relation to the Mind.* In this work Dr. Moore first considers the peculiar organization of the human body, to show its beautiful adaptation to the ends of existence; and then passes on to a minute and philosphical examination of the manner in which the mind is affected by external circumstances. This subject has not been handled in the same way before. Always remembering that man is chiefly important as a spiritual being, Dr. Moore shows how want of light, air, of water, of food, may affect the mind, and how its very constitution may be altered by severe labor in early life, by privation, and by want of intellectual culture. Thus a treatise which appears at first sight only a complement of Paley's "Natural Theology," is made in its results to have an important bearing on those sanatory questions which are now prominently before the public. Not only does Dr. Moore agree that "our most important are our earliest years," but he goes the full length of the startling conjecture of Coleridge, that "*the history of a man for the nine months preceding his birth would probably be far more interesting, and contain events of greater moment than all that follow it.*" We pause here and doubt, though the suggestion may be we well worth following out. As an example of the effect of external influences on the mind, we quote some sentences on the relation between light and intellectual development:—

"A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog, and an infant, being deprived of heaven's free light, will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beauteous and reasonable human being. Hence, in the deep damp gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine scarcely reaches, the hideous prevalence of cretinism startles the traveller. It is a strange melancholy idiocy. Many cretins are incapable of any articulate speech; some are deaf, some blind, some labor under all these privations and all are misshapen in almost every part of the body."

"I believe there is, in all places, a marked difference in the healthiness of houses, according to their aspect with regard to the sun, and that those are decidedly the healthiest, *ceteris paribus*, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to the direct light. It is a well known fact, that epidemics frequently attack the inhabitants of the shady side of a street, and totally exempt those of the other side; and even in epidemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its action. Sunshine is also essential to the perfection of vegetation, and the water that lies in darkness is hard, and comparatively unfit for drink; while the stream that bears its bosom to the day deposits its mineral ingredients, and becomes the most suitable insolvent of our food."

The same train of investigation is pursued in reference to sound, color, food, bodily action, employment, &c. The whole work is marked by pure benevolence and sincere piety, as well as by learning, sagacity, and eloquence. It is a valuable addition to our stock of Christian philosophy—the author's conclusions being all drawn from authenticated facts, and illustrated by a great number of curious cases and anecdotes. Dr. Moore seems favorable to Dr. Wigan's theory of the Duality of the Mind, conceiving that the double organs act in the same harmony as the two eyes and two ears. The spirit in which Dr. Moore writes is fairly exhibited in the following extract:—

"Man is capable of greater suffering than any other creature on earth, but he is also capable of higher and intenser enjoyments, and that simply beceause he is a man and not merely an animal. He lives at large, the denizen of eternity; and he is able to "believe all things, hope all things, and endure all things," with the consciousness that God owns him, not only as his creature, but as his offspring. Therefore, let us not say, with the mistaken bard, in whom passion and impulse so strongly warred against knowledge:—

> 'Dearly bought the hidden treasure
> Finer feelings can bestow,
> Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
> Thrill the deepest notes of woe!' [BURNS.

Rather let us rejoice that the soul of man is trained by trials. He must suffer, to be great; he must conquer himself and the world, in order to be forever mighty. For this end the reasonable spirit of man is instructed by truth, the mind of God revealed within him, that he may rise in faith above instincts, passions, and opinions, and come forth an eternal hero, who, through submission in weakness, arms himself with omnipotence."

Many beautiful passages of a like kind are dispersed through the work. No author has more ably traced the connection between mind and body, or has more finely and conclusively established the relation between man and his Creator.

[Britannia

THE GIFTED IN PRAYER.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

Why are we not all gifted in prayer? In ordinary cases, what hinders the formation of devotional habits, the growth of the spirit of prayer? Why are men, otherwise estimable, men of virtue, of moral earnestness, ever so ready to neglect this duty, to undervalue this privilege of communion? Why do so many hearts remain cold, whilst the fire of God is falling from Heaven, all around them? It may be replied, Men are not constituted alike, their temperaments differ, the sentiment of devotion is naturally stronger in some than in others;—the phrenologist may tell us that the organ of veneration is larger in some brains than in others, and so on. But this will not serve. This cannot be regarded as a sufficient explanation. It cannot be that God has created any child without a capacity for devotion, for returning through prayer to Him, in whom we live and move and have our being. Between men there are differences of degree, but not of kind, in respect to this matter. We would not believe, even upon testimony of the senses, that every man is not formed to commune with God; rather than admit such a conclusion, we should discredit the evidence of the senses. We must have a better answer. No one is incapable of praying and of giving thanks with satisfaction and profit. The possibility of communion and the efficacy of prayer must be recognised. We are all familiar with the plain testimony to these great truths, which reason, revelation, and pious experience unite in bearing. The Bible lies open before us, and its lessons upon this subject are plain to every mind. Were we to undertake the removal of difficulties and doubts about this matter, we should probably suggest thoughts that would be strange to most of our readers, and perhaps create a sad intellectual confusion. But if we *understand* this matter aright, whence our spiritual poverty,—why is the flame of devotion so often allowed to die out? An answer occurs to us, which is at once sufficient and practical. It is this. We do not continue in prayer, and watch in the same. We do not cherish the spirit of piety, as we do cherish the various spirits of worldliness. Hence the one pines, whilst the others grow strong.

Perhaps there are a very few persons, who have not, at some happier season, during some better, brighter hour, been affected by a deep desire towards God. Is there one who has not been drawn, for a brief moment at least, to that dear Father of the spirit?—one who has not realized that in Him we live, that He alone is our strength and joy? Such moments are the most important seasons in our lives. Then prayer is a reality—then prayer is a relief. Then it is good and pleasant, yes, blessed to pray. Are we not sure at such times, that we shall never neglect the office,—that we shall never be practically faithless, that we shall never be cold and formal, that we shall offer an unceasing prayer, morning and evening, and at noon-tide, in the intervals of business, and between the watches of the holy night? We believe that we are describing a very common experience. Those who are ordinarily accounted cold and undevout, have shared it. They who are ordinarily doubtful, hesitating, men of little faith, have shared it. Whether in joy or in gloom, we have all approached God.

Now if it be asked, why these holy emotions are not again and again experienced, until the habit of the soul has become devout, the simple answer is, that we will not do for ourselves so much, no, not half so much, as God does for us. It happens, sometimes in His kind providence, that we are drawn unto Himself; almost without our own agency, we cannot tell how, we give to Him all the praise. And we should learn that at such seasons we are invited to seek the Being, who first seeks us, to go to Him in prayer, even when He does not powerfully move and loudly call,—to train the youthful soul, to nourish the mind and heart with those truths which impart vigor to the sentiment of piety. When we have felt the love of God, in any measure, we have received the first lesson in prayer, and we are bound to practise it. Heaven has been opened above us, and we must struggle and struggle, until the hill has been surmounted. The untrained soul will not enjoy

and sweeps the same strings. He is not dissatisfied, if he cannot in a day or a year call forth the sweetest sounds. He patiently exercises himself, as a mere learner, he does not expect to be skilful, he patiently submits to drudgery, for he appreciates the great result. And shall he do less who would make melody in his heart unto the good God, the Author of concord?—Shall he do less who would learn to touch with cunning hand those wondrous, living strings!—May we not be content to fight against indifference and coldness, if we can at length lift up the soul, elevate its thoughts, and make the devout mind our own! Or if we seek help from God, as we rightly may, will he succor those who do not patiently toil, and patiently entreat!

"*Continue* in prayer." There is nothing to be gained save by continuance. "Watch in the same." And we would make a literal application of these words. A part of the night season should be devoted to the exercise of prayer. Indeed it is a fitting time. "The nights," says an ancient writer and saint, "are dearer to me than my days" "I rise always at midnight," says the poet Petrarch, "to sing the praises of God. It is the part of my life when I am most myself, and most delightfully occupied." 'While all things were in quiet silence,' as we are taught, 'the word of God came from Heaven, from the Royal Throne.' Seven times in the year, accordingly, mass used to be said at midnight. Let the unpractised in this office choose the night season. The spirit will more easily soar. We shall realize our littleness, yet the calm heavens will inspire hope and trust;—we shall reverently, cheerfully pray. It was an evil day for the Christian Church, when so large a portion of its members forsook the assembling of themselves, within the hallow walls, during the silent hours. The mariner wakes to steer his ship, for he cannot trust wind and waves, he fears a wreck. Do our barks glide so securely, that we may slumber through the long night! Can we wake for our ordinary business, and can we not meditate upon God during the still watches!

One word more. We must continue in prayer, until it has become a joyous exercise, not merely a lamentation, a voice of complaint, but the outpouring of a glad heart. We should smile when we pray; light from heaven should bathe the upturned countenance; God should be unto us a fount of sweetness. The formalist and the fanatic are not to be our examples,—the saints are the great and happy amongst men.

Learn to pray, for prayer makes life beautiful and beneficient. It hallows places, and days, and hours. It has so dignified and adorned the humblest dwellings, that kings have left their palaces and journeyed to the spot where some child of God lived a life of prayer. [The Monthly Religious Magazine.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 24, 1846.

TAKING OF MONTEREY.

In reading the accounts of this "glorious victory," we have been pained beyond measure to see how little thought is given to the sufferings of those who fell and the far more intense sufferings of their friends who survived.

"As if the soldier died without a pang,
As if he went to heaven translated and not killed."

Or as if he left no friends to be moved with the keenest anguish by his death.

The New Orleans Delta says: The destructive fire to which the division under General Taylor was exposed, when advancing on the enemy's forts on the 21st ult., at Monterey, may be gathered from the fate of the gallant Third Regiment.

Soon after the time when the order to advance was given, Major Lear, in command of the regiment at the time, got killed.

Capt. Morris then assumed the command; he, too, shared a like fate. Capt. Bainbridge was next to lead; he got severely wounded and had to retire. Brevet Maj. Barbour was the next to take the command; he was killed. Capt. Field was the next, and he was killed. At the close of the engagement, Capt. Henry was in command of what remained of the regiment, which were found to number on being mustered, 71 men, including the officers and the rank and file.

As we read this, we do not think what a terrible meaning there is in it, what a pang it must carry to hundreds of hearts! The following from the New York Express may give us a glimpse of the mournful tragedy behind the scenes.

Melancholy Bereavement. Among the officers killed at Monterey was Capt. Field, of the U. S. Army. His lady was on a visit to New York city, residing at the house of Asst. Ald. Oliver, anxiously expecting letters from her husband. The first intelligence that reached her, after her arrival here, was his death. Mrs. F. is the daughter of the late Colonel Vose, a gallant officer who was with the army on the Rio Grande, and whose death also she was called to mourn a short time since. Thus has she to lament the loss of a beloved father and husband in whom her very life seemed wrapped. Sorrows sufficient for one, at least, to be called to bear.

Col. Vose, whose family reside in Milton, Mass., was not, as here stated, with the army on the Rio Grande, but died suddenly at New Orleans, just as he was about to leave for Mexico. Capt. Field was born in New York State, and left fatherless when only three years of age. Mr. Porter, at that time, we believe, Secretary of War, who had been the friend of his father, felt deeply for the child and promised to do what he could in due time to secure for him an education at West Point. Mr. Field passed through the school there, and for the last eight or ten years has served honorably in the army, where he has been respected not only for his high qualities as a gentleman and a soldier, but for the more sterling qualities which endeared him to those who knew him intimately. He was affectionate, and true, a man of deep religious impressions and of a Christian character. In his last letters he spoke with particular interest of the privilege which he enjoyed of attending public worship in the camp.

He had no heart for this Mexican war. He felt that it was unjust. But with his feelings as a soldier, he could not, after serving so long in peace, reconcile it to his sense of duty, to leave the service of his country when difficulties had come. He, therefore, engaged in it; distinguished himself in the battles of May, for which he was promoted, and now has sacrificed his life, in obedience to a government which he considered himself bound to obey, but in a war, which he believed altogether unjust, and in which he felt that no honor could be gained. He has fallen at the age of thirty three, leaving a wife and child with all their family in the deepest affliction; and all feeling, as we have no doubt hundreds of others under similar circumstances now feel, as if his life had been a sacrifice to the unholy ambition or mistaken zeal which now controls our national affairs. God be with them in their sorrows! But can nothing move us? Are we not sated with blood? Have not victims enough been offered? There is a fearful reckoning before us. As we have witnessed the tears of the widow and the helplessness of her child, we have felt, that we would not for worlds bear the responsibility which now rests on the President of the United States. How can he as a religious man, who professes to hold the Sabbath and the other ordinances of God sacred;—how can he persist in this unrighteous and accursed work of bloodshed and murder? For, in the light of Christianity it can be regarded as nothing better than this. Do not, we would say to him if by any possibility our words could reach his ear, do not signalize your administration by the making of widows and orphans. Do not cause any more of their cries to go up to heaven against you as the murderer of husband and father,—as the man who has made life desolate and cheerless. For all these things you must render an account to Him, who will strip off the disguises that now deceive you, and hold you responsible for the lives which you have caused to be sacrificed. We say this in no partizan spirit, but as a mortal man addressing his fellow man in the sight of that God, before whom we must both appear to answer for our actions here.

And to the people let us say, you too, whoever you are, who do not all that you can to put an end to this cruel war;—you too are responsible for these mournful results. The blood of these victims cries out against you. The cries of these bereaved parents and wives and children are condemning you, for you have consented to the death of those for whom they mourn. Do, in your solitude, when the spirit of party warfare is silenced and solemn thoughts come over you,—do, we beseech you, meditate on this matter. Bring it home to your own case. Is this a war in which you would be willing to lay down your life? Are you willing to send your brothers and your sons, that they may perish from disease or the sword? Your life is no more precious to you and yours, than the lives of the brave men who have fallen, to them and theirs. Your sons are no dearer to you than those whose bones are heaped upon the plains of Mexico are dear to those whom they have left behind. Cannot the subject be stript of its political bearings, and be viewed and acted upon by us as men, as Christians, with hearts to feel, and mind to think?

CAMBRIDGE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

In the Puritan sometime since, an extract was published from an article by one of our contributors, and turned in such a way as to give the impression that Unitarianism is dying out. The purport of the extract was, that as the average number of students at Cambridge now, is a third less than fifteen years ago, the cause must be declining. We do not suppose that the Puritan had any very serious purpose, and it seemed to us only a good-natured and very proper sort of reprisal. But we ventured to ask, how the facts stood in respect to the Theological School at Andover? To this question the Puritan has given no answer; but, on investigation, it turns out, that the weapon, playfully thrown at us, recoils with increased force on those who threw it. Not having the documents at hand to look into the matter, we applied to a veteran, who knows more of these things than any twenty striplings like ourselves, and he gives the following answer.

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For the Register.

At the 38 anniversaries at Andover there have left that Institution 991, averaging 26 3-38 a year.

At the 30 anniversaries of the Divinity School, at Cambridge, there have left the School 232, averaging 7 11-15 a year.

At the last Andover Anniversary, there were but 21, five and three eights short of the average number.

The next class numbers but 19, reducing the average still more.

But at the last Anniversary of the Divinity School at Cambridge, there were 12, four and a fraction more than the average. In the next class are 13, a farther increase on the average.

Take another calculation. The annual ordinations and installations in Massachusetts for several years, have been from two thirds to three quarters of ministers, reputed Orthodox, although exceedingly diverse in their speculations. From a pretty careful account of the ordinations and installations, in the state, since the commencement of the present year, there have been 15 of the Liberal, so called to distinguish them from the Orthodox, and but 17 who are reputed Orthodox. Where is boasting then? Is it not unseasonable!

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We beg our Orthodox friends not to be disheartened. We do not believe, and should be very sorry to believe, that New England Orthodox Congregationalism is dying out. It has done in its day a noble work; and if within the last thirty years it has been the author of much uncharitableness, we believe still that it has, in the main, been laboring in the cause of Christ, and that it has in it the elements of a purer faith and better life than it has yet manifested to the world. We believe in Congregationalism. Our warmest affections bind us to it. And the more we look into the claims of Prelacy, whether in the Romish or the English Church, the more sure we feel that they are not authorised by the Scriptures, nor favorable to the best interests of man.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

There is much good sense in the words with which the Christian Reflector closes its account of the Evangelical Alliance.

"Union among evangelical Christians, though so great a desideratum, is not, it seems to us, always the best promoted, nor most clearly declared to exist, where there is most of the cry of fraternity. Nor is its advancement so well secured, on a scale that is grand and imposing, as one that is obscure and unhonored. Towns, school districts, neighborhoods, are after all, the first and the best theatres, on which to exhibit the fruits of that charity, 'which suffereth long, and is kind, that envieth not, that vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave unseemly, speaketh not her own, is not easily provoked, and thinketh no evil.' The Lord everywhere hasten *its* triumphs."

CLOSET MEDITATIONS.

TEMPER.

I have this day given way to passion, and spoke harshly before I had time for thought. Nothing is more mortifying to me. But how shall I check myself? The impulse is instantaneous. Before I know what I am doing the mischief is done. The hasty word or action cannot be recalled. A thousand times have I resolved against it; and yet in a moment give way. Is there no escape? Must this evil spirit have power to tear and rend me when it will? I have heard of one, who being tried by a violent temper, resolved, that with the blessing of God, he never again would utter an angry word, let the provocation be what it might. And he was faithful to his pledge. Is there not some secret reserve in my resolutions, which enfeebles them. Do I not secretly cherish the feeling that sometimes it is well to be angry? But it is not well. It degrades me. O God, help me to resolve with all my heart, that this sin shall no longer have dominion over me. May such a spirit of meekness and kindness prevail within, that the tempter, however sudden his approach, shall find no entrance to my heart. I acknowledge my own helplessness. Without thee I cannot even resolve, as I ought. Forgive my many sins, and teach me above all things, to control myself. May I remember him, who meekly endured every indignity, and yet uttered no harsh word, and made strong through the power that was in him, may I triumph over all my foes.

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For the Register.

Mr. Editor.—I have just returned from the funeral of a young friend—a member of my church, whose eyes I had closed with my own hands as her spirit was taking its flight a few hours before; and it occurred to me that some of your readers might be interested in what I had the privilege to witness in her during the few last months of her short life. Not that there was anything extraordinary in her religious experience, for many have passed through the same change, and have as patiently suffered and as peacefully died. But her experience is an instructive one and I give it in the hope that it may be profitable to the younger portion of your readers.

My young friend had grown up under my ministry and had given early indications of great sweetness of disposition united with firmness and conscientiousness. She was a good daughter and a loving sister; and by her gentle and winning manners she gained the esteem of all who knew her. Two years since when at the age of 16 she was brought apparently to the borders of the grave by a malignant fever. She then resided in Lowell and worked in the factory. After her recovery I wrote to her a letter of Christian counsel, expressing my hope that her recovery from a dangerous sickness might awaken religious gratitude in her heart and lead her to consecrate herself to God in the freshness of her youth. She soon afterwards returned to this her native place—became a member of our Sabbath School, joining a large Bible class consisting of nearly fifty young persons of both sexes, under the care of my brother-in-law, Mr. J. Lincoln. Of this number as many as twelve or fifteen connected themselves with my church during the last Winter and Spring. To my great disappointment and regret, my young friend was not of the number. She had strong religious convictions but was undecided. Something hindered, she could hardly tell what. But she was not quite ready, and she saw her companions go forward, while she, not without many misgivings and remonstrances of consciences, neglected the opportunity.

In the latter part of June alarming symptoms of disease showed themselves, and it was soon but too apparent that she was destined to be another victim to consumption. After some weeks of alternate hopes and fears the disease had made such progress that it was evident to her friends that she must soon sink into the grave.

I had seen her often, and found that she was not insensible to her danger, nor negligent of the duty of religious preparation. At length I could forbear no longer to hold a free conversation with her in relation to her future prospects, and gave her to understand that we could no longer entertain the faintest hope of her being spared to us. This interview was a most satisfactory one in every respect. She communed freely, opened to me her whole mind, spoke of her experiences and the effect they had produced on her feelings and character, expressed strongly her religious trust, and her readiness to meet the appointments of heaven. On my alluding to the disappointment I had experienced in her declining to unite with her companions who had become communicants the last season, she took occasion to say that she had been restrained by a feeling of unworthiness and acknowledged that she had never felt quite ready to give up all at the call of duty. Now the way seemed plain, the duty obvious, and it was her desire to confess her Savior openly before she was called into his presence.

Accordingly on the first Sabbath in September, she was baptised and the communion service was performed in the sick room in the presence of a few of her young companions and other friends. It was an occasion of unusual interest and the scene will never be forgotten by those who were permitted to be present.

She remained in a most happy frame of mind from that time till her death, which took place on the morning of the 30th ult., when she peacefully and with a bright and joyful hope breathed out her Spirit. It was at her request that I was sent for, and I remained by her side for more than three hours, during which time, she retained her consciousness and power of speech, giving counsels and instructions to those present and sending messages of love to the absent, knowing that the hour of her departure was near and anticipating it with joyful and almost impatient hope.

So lived and died this excellent young person; may her experience make others wise.

Jos. Allen.

For the Register.

IRISH PROTESTANT CHURCH.

It has long been manifest that, owing to the great number of Irish citizens who have been gradually added to our population, materials were at hand for gathering a large congregation but of a different character from those societies which are usually formed from among this class of our citizens. It is well known that Ireland is to a large extent a Protestant country, and of course it was fair to presume that a considerable proportion of this increase to our population would be of the protestant order. Such has been the case, and we may safely put down the number of Protestant Irish (good, exemplary citizens) at not less than three thousand. Of this number, most of them Presbyterians at the time of leaving Ireland, a part are now to be found among the Methodists, and a part among Episcopalians; while a considerable number are not permanently connected with any Christian institution, and perhaps through indifference or for the want of means to provide church accommodations, are living entirely without the influences of the ordinances of the Gospel. Such should not be said of any class of Christians (for they claim to be Christians) in the city of Boston, where means are so amply provided wherein the necessity for them can be satisfactorily shown. It was to meet this want, that the Rev. Mr. Fisher, at the request of some of the friends of religion to whom he had been introduced, has consented to devote himself to the work of establishing a congregation of Irish Protestants without any denominational distinction to divide them in their worship of our common Father, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. A convenient Hall was engaged in Purchase street, and has been opened for two Sabbaths, notice having been given from family to family. We had the pleasure of attending the services on the last Sabbath afternoon, and were gratified in finding so large a number of worshippers present—an orderly, serious congregation, more attentive, we thought, than is usual in assemblies gathered on such short notice. He preached without notes, and his sermon was direct, forcible and evangelical, addressing men as sinners, needing the forgiveness of God, and a living faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. His devotional services were devout and eminently Scriptural. We know of no object more deserving than this of the sympathy and support of the enlightened and liberal citizens of this city. Especially should the friends of Unitarian Christianity, by their candid and timely aid, ensure success and permanency to an enterprise which recognises in the outset a principle so directly in accordance with the spirit of their own religion and views, to call no one Master but Christ, and the Bible only the standard of the Christian's faith and practice. The repudiation of all sectarian names is what especially recommends it. It was this which was recognised in the establishment of the Seaman's Bethel (the Rev. Mr. Taylor's) which on any other foundation, we believe, would never have accomplished half the good that has grown out of it. The same is also essentially true as regards the Ministry at Large, the child of pure Protestant Unitarian Christianity.

At the close of the services, after the benediction, the preacher announced that some remarks would be offered by several gentlemen present. Nearly all of the congregation remained, and encouraging statements were made by Rev. J. F. Clarke, Messrs. Butters, Greene, Alger, Fuller, Richardson, Andrew, and by Rev. Mr. Fisher. The last gentleman stated in reply, to a question put by one of his own countrymen, whether the Church was to be Presbyterian or Independent, stated that it could not be a Presbyterian Church, as that would bring it under the tramels of a denomination, but that it would be an Independent Christian Church, and should receive all to his communion who evinced and desired to live a Christian life, that he would preach in any pulpit, Trinitarian, Unitarian, Baptist, Methodist or Universalist, which might be offered to him, and would exchange with any of the ministers of these denominations should occasion offer.

This communication is written in the hope that the readers of the Register may be induced to attend the services of Rev. Mr. Fisher the next Lord's day, and to ask from them their hearty co-operation if the object meets their approval. The place of meeting is the Hall near the Rev. Mr. Coolidge's Church, in Purchase street.

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Extract of a letter dated, { Maysville, Ky. Sept. 26, 1846.

Maysville has some 4000 inhabitants &c. I came from Western New York here last spring, and have not been able, thus far at least, to find *one person* conversant with our views. This ought not to be—let those who have the means see to this, else they may not be accounted "faithful standards." The *right sort* of a Missionary might do well here. We want one qualified, &c. As an introduction, let cheap tracts containing our views be circulated. If there be any for distribution and you can forward me some occasionally, I will take care that they receive a proper direction, and pay the transportation myself, &c., &c.

Yours, truly,

H. W.

For the Register.

MEETING OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS OF BOSTON.

The second Meeting of the Sabbath School Teachers of Boston was holden on Monday evening, Oct. 19th, at the Central Congregational Church. Mr. Samuel H. Walley presided.—Gideon F. Thayer, Esq., was chosen Secretary. Rev. Mr. Clarke addressed the throne of Grace. The Chairman then stated that he was glad that this great movement had met the hearty approval of the citizens of Boston. Several public meetings to consider the same subject have lately been holden at Faneuil Hall. (Here Mr. W. read two Resolutions which had been passed at their last meeting.) This movement had reminded him of a fire in London. A house was in flames and there were five children in it yet unrescued. The firemen rushed into the house, and there was anxiety in the crowd. Soon one rushed out bearing a child, there was a shout from the multitude, and again anxiety was depicted upon their faces. Again another child was rescued, again the shout went up, and again did anxiety return. And so it was until the fifth child was rescued, when the firemen exclaimed, "now we are safe and come what will, we will rejoice, for the children are all rescued." So it is with the present action of the Sabbath School teachers. Our children are in a worse place than a burning house. Let us not relax our efforts until the fifth child be saved.

The first business before the meeting was the hearing of the Report of the Committee chosen at the last meeting to prepare a memorial to be presented to the City Government. Rev. Mr. Brooks, the Chairman of the Committee, arose for this purpose, and prefaced the Report with some remarks. There is a moral sublimity in this gathering of Sabbath School teachers. It is a fair proof of the wakefulness and energy of the public conscience. What is it but the natural expression and anxiety of Christian hearts for the honor, character and safety of their homes? When reports of the increase of juvenile depravity reach our ears from the Courts of Justice, our ministers at large, and our police,—if such reports be true, and Sabbath School teachers should hold their peace, the very stones would cry out against us. Rev. Mr. B. then suggested some topics for discussion. Are these reports of sin and juvenile depravity true? If so, what is our duty? Shall we sit still and fold our arms? No. We have voluntarily assumed the responsibility of providing for these children spiritual defences against the enemy of their souls. We are their spiritual watchmen, and if we see the sword coming, and sound not the alarm, and the sword come and take one, what saith the Scripture? "His blood will I require at the watchman's hand." What are the causes of this juvenile depravity? Are they to be found in the increase of population, of foreign emigration, in the multiplication of demoralizing books, in the decay of public morals, the corruptions of trade, the neglect of public education, or in partial and unequal legislation? These are questions which call for the candid and deliberate judgment of all. Rev. Mr. B. offered a remark on one of these causes. He thought that many were apt to speak too hastily of the corruptions of trade. Trade is the natural consequence of civilization and not necessarily the corruption of morals. The evils we complain of corrupt trade instead of being produced by trade. It may be nefarious and demoralizing. But it is not so as a general thing. There are many strictly honest merchants in Boston, and we should not refer to trade as the cause of all these evils. We must look deeper than this till we come to the family circle and domestic fireside. There is to be found one of the great fountain sources of youthful corruption, in the want of parental example and religious instruction. Sabbath School teachers must *work* and work with the spirit of their Divine Redeemer. Let us not cease to pray until all these evils shall cease. When we have done what we can, we can ask the interference of the city arm.—And this we propose now to do. We wish to show the City Government that there are 2000 Sabbath School teachers marching in solid phalanx behind them to sustain them in abating all the moral nuisances which now curse our city.

Rev. Mr. B. then read the Memorial prepared by the Committee. It dwelt chiefly upon the causes and extent of juvenile depravity in the City, and expressed the assurance "that a more wide and faithful Sunday School instruction, and a more extended and searching Police are both necessary to arrest the idleness, intemperance and crime, which make the hope of the philanthropist to mourn, and the heart of the Christian to bleed." As it was recommitted to the same Committee, and some alteration will probably be made, we shall not publish it entire this week.

Dr. Channing was sorry that the Report alluded only to the influence of the Sabbath School and the arm of the police. He hoped that an amendment to the Report would be made, asking for the further extension and improvement of the Common School system. We shall fail if we rely upon the law as the chief agency of moral reform. We must make moral and religious education in our Common Schools the principal means to aid us in our efforts.

Mr. Baxter of St. Mary's Chapel, (Roman Catholic) then addressed the meeting, and spoke of the difficulties with which his denomination had to contend. Poverty keeps many of the Catholic children from the Public Schools, and they grow up in ignorance. The younger children are very constant, however in their attendance on the Sunday School. His own school for the last year and a half had an average attendance of 350 boys and 340 girls. It is difficult to keep the boys in the Sunday School after they have attained the age when they are most exposed and liable to temptation. The vice and sin in the community is not confined to the poor. The great difficulty is with the sons of the rich who set the pernicious example which is followed by the poor. We need religious and moral instruction in our Public Schools. The Catholics sometimes will not send their children to these schools because they have not always been well treated by the Protestants. Mr. B. gave an illustration of this fact. A little girl was returning home from the St. Mary's Sunday School on one Sabbath, when she was accosted by a Protestant Sabbath School teacher with, "where do you go to Sunday School?" "To St. Mary's," answered the little girl. "What, do you worship idols?" "No, I do not worship idols," said the little girl. Such conversation as this tends to create a prejudice among the poorer class of the Catholic population against the Protestants, or to make them suspect that a prejudice exists against them.—The arm of the police will not effect a moral reformation among this class. In England and Ireland and foreign countries generally, the policemen are regarded as spies and enemies, whom it is more honorable to resist than obey. And our foreign population have the same feeling here. Every movement to enforce our laws has made things worse. He thought the influence of love was more powerful than mere force. The law has never been made to influence as it ought the middling and higher classes of society. Young men detected of crime have been taken from dens of infamy, but those dens of infamy owned by rich men still stand. Mr. B. said that the Catholics numbered between thirty and forty thousand, and that they had church accommodation for only seven or eight thousand. They feel more than others the need of a moral reformation in the city, and they are ready to co-operate in any movement to this end, and bid God speed to all who will engage in the great work.

Rev. Mr. Barnard did not look upon the Police as the guardians of our Sabbath Schools, and hoped that that word would be stricken out of the Report, and that public schools be inserted. He wished to see moral and religious instruction introduced into all the Public Schools, as a means more powerful than any other of striking at the root of all these evils, and making a great moral reformation in our city.

Mr. Palmer thought that the gentlemen preceding him had mistaken the true object and design of the Memorial, which was, not to speak of our public schools or the causes of pauperism, but to petition the City Government to carry out faithfully all the laws on the statute book for the observance of the Sabbath, and the maintenance of public peace and domestic tranquility.

Rev. Mr. Waterston agreed with Mr. Palmer, and sustained the principles of the Memorial. We do not ask the city government to fill up our Sabbath Schools with police officers, but that while we are engaged in doing what we can in teaching the children around us, we may see the laws strictly enforced, that all in the community may be protected in the way of their duty. We do not want them to help us in the cause of Christ, but to put down the evil works of the devil, and to remove those temptations by which little children are lured away. We ask them to do what they can, and we pledge ourselves to do what we can.

Rev. Mr. Chapin said he went for the law in this way. He wanted it stringent, total, and to be applied with its full force, or not at all. The principles of practical morality binds us together as Sunday School teachers. In this movement we are going to see who are on the side of virtue. There is a class in the community who occupy an ambiguous position. We are going to see whether truth and righteousness shall triumph over sin and wickedness. If we have not laws enough now, we must have more. We want not only to muzzle the small dram-shop, but to stop the rich wholesale dealer from pursuing his ruinous traffic, and the rich man from letting his buildings for elegant gambling saloons, billiard rooms and bowling alleys. There is something worse than war and pestilence dwelling in our midst, and we are anxious not only to save the stranger's children from destruction, but our own children who are in danger also.

Mr. James Whiting hoped that the teachers would not connect themselves with the City Government in this movement at all. He wished only to see individual action.

Rev. Mr. Howe was opposed to Mr. W's. opinion. He did not wish to check individual action. He only wished that the City Government should lend us their aid in removing the obstacles which now stand in the way of our individual action, and the performance of our duty as Sunday School teachers.

Some further remarks were made by others, after which the whole subject was recommitted to the same Committee, to report at an adjourned meeting to be holden on Monday evening next, in the same place. Rev. Mr. Brooks, being prevented by previous engagements from further serving on the committee, Hon. John C. Park was appointed to fill his place. The meeting was closed at about a quarter of ten o'clock by singing the Doxology.

The Church was well filled, and the interest in the subject has increased. The discussion took a wider range than upon the last evening, and perhaps wandered a little, as several of the speakers thought, from the true object of the meeting. Still much interesting information was elicited upon the causes and the extent of juvenile depravity in our city, and we hope that all may profit by it. At the next meeting, however, we hope that the remarks will be limited to the objects of the Memorial which it is proposed to present to the City Government. We hope to hear the opinions of the members of other denominations, who have not as yet enlightened us. We trust that a proper Memorial will be adopted, and that, after having talked over this matter enough, and accomplished our object, we may work on faithfully in our own individual spheres of action, and strive earnestly to do what we can to complete the moral redemption of our city.

A. Teacher.

Erratum. In our last Report, for Mr. Wm. Whiting, read Mr. James Whiting.

For the Register.

TO SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

In taking our usual place in the Sabbath School from week to week, there is one thought that often presses itself upon the mind, and which we deem, in having utterance given to it, may prove to be of some benefit to others,—at least excite deeper or more serious thought in some heart, already impressed with its responsibilities. Why is it that among the many teachers, who weekly assemble their classes, to impart to them of the greatest and most momentous truths ever revealed to finite spirits—why is it that of the great number of those who profess to teach in the name of Jesus, so few acknowledge his claim to our gratitude and love, in the way of his appointment? Why is it that so many draw back from this simple and comprehensive rite? To our mind, there is nothing mysterious or gloomy in it—nothing from which any thoughtful or serious heart need draw back. We regard it far more as a *means* of progress than as an end—as a rite exciting our best and warmest feelings, and designed to cherish those pure and holy affections, the very ground of the Christian character. We cannot see anything repulsive in it. Our best friend and guide, our divine Master, at the closing hours of his life, instituted this simple memorial of himself and said to all, "This do in remembrance of me."

The last wishes of our dying friends are ever held as sacred to us,—why are the words of the friend of the whole human family, alone disregarded and neglected?

Have not wrong views been cherished upon this subject? Is it not in reality a far more solemn thing to attempt to guide youthful spirits in the ways of truth, to give to the young heart its first impressions of immortality, to speak to undying souls of things eternal and unchangeable—is not this more solemn, does it not involve a far greater responsibility, than a simple rite, which from its very nature, acts more upon the individual heart and conscience?

We often hear of the little apparent good of Sabbath School instruction,—but while much is to be attributed to the neglect of parents, and the carelessness of the children, is not a part of the evil, owing to the low standard of the religious character in the teachers themselves? We fear that this is too often the case. But, my friend, can you rank your responsibility too high? Is it a light thing to speak and to teach in the name of Jesus?

Regard not these great truths, as they may affect your own character, as subjects to be heeded or disregarded at pleasure. Whatever you may now feel, there *will* come a day when you would give worlds, to feel that your *whole* life had been governed by religious principles—not that you had led a merely moral life, but that every thought, feeling and purpose had been consecrated to God,—that you had always set before you the *highest* aims and purposes. Think not that as life wears away all will be well with you, without determined persevering effort now. It will not, it cannot be.

Remember that upon your present character may depend the future well-being of many kindred spirit. Regard not then your vocation as a light one, but on the coming Sabbath go to your class with deeper and more earnest purposes. Let it not be as a mere form that you take your accustomed seat, but speak in the name of Jesus, as to immortal spirits, having seriously, earnestly and prayerfully sought the divine aid and blessing?

Are there those who thus strive to live and teach? Why longer delay? By taking your place as teacher of the young, you acknowledge the claims of Jesus to your gratitude, your wish to imitate his example, and to impart the blessing of his teachings to other hearts. Why then hesitate in fulfilling his dying request? Are you acting from right principles and motives in being a Christian teacher? Are you striving habitually to act out the truths you teach, and to form that character which as a teacher should be yours? Then no longer hesitate. Go to your Savior with the same loving confidence, with which you would go to your best earthly friend, and take the proffered blessing. But if indifference and worldliness still mark your daily life,—pause, and reflect upon the dread responsibilities you are incurring.

God grant that the time may soon come, when every one who professes to teach in the name of Jesus, may *live* as true disciples of Him,—when the table of our Lord shall be surrounded with faithful and loving guests, from among those who by teaching in his name, acknowledge him as their Master and Savior.

M.

For the Register.

IRISH PROTESTANT DISSENTER'S CHURCH.

This society recently established at Temperance Hall, Purchase street, at the foot of Pearl street, under the ministration of the Rev. Mr. Fisher, a distinguished clergyman of that order, formerly a member of the Synod of Ulster, Ireland, gives promise of becoming of great importance to a class of respectable intelligent citizens in this city, who have not heretofore found suitable accommodations to attend on the ministration of the Gospel.

The number of Protestant Irish and others in the city, destitute of the stated means of religious instruction is ascertained to be quite numerous, and until Mr. Fisher came among them they were, if not entirely over-looked, to a great extent neglected by our missionary heralds.

It is only three Sabbaths since Mr. Fisher commenced his labors of love among them, and on the last, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the Hall was filled, and from appearances he will soon need a more commodious place of worship.

Their Pastor seems to be alive in the cause, devoting his time on the week days in visits to their dwellings, and extending his acquaintance to every part of the city.

It is to be hoped that every Christian philanthropist, without regard to sect, will lend willing aid in this blessed cause.

Several benevolent gentlemen have attended Mr. Fisher's services and given him encouragement, and others are invited to come up to the help of the Lord, in building up the waste places, and gathering in the wandering sheep from the by-ways and hedges of his vineyard.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Life of Jesus. By Dr. Frederick Strauss, translated from the German. 3 vols. 8vo. London, Chapman, 1846.

This work, which has produced such an important effect in Germany, has at last appeared in English, accompanied with a Latin preface, by Dr. Strauss himself. Fortunately the book is a very dull one to the common run of readers, so that for the most part it will be read only by men accustomed to learned investigations, who will therefore be able to detect the incompleteness of the author's arguments. And both in England and America it will find itself on strange soil. It does not answer to any want there.—The views advanced in it, the sort of investigation employed, do not spring from the present state of English theology, but belong wholly to German ground. There it was necessary that theology and the popular faith should labor through the morasses of rationalism; and nothing less than all the genius of the mystical skeptics and all the energy and extent of their attack was necessary to prove the impregnable solidity of the faith, and bring clearly to light what could and what could not be maintained among the things which have hitherto been considered as ascertained with respect to theology. But we hope that this necessity does not lie upon the English. It may be sufficient for them, it may be hoped, that the hostile army shall be defeated by their German allies; and that the popular faith will not need to undergo that revolution and counter-revolution, which Providence has made necessary on the continent. The author is aware of the difference of the field which he now enters, and expresses himself as not expecting to be widely received and understood. It must be acknowledged, and he should have credit for it,—that he does not attempt to gain attention by irrelevant means, and by a mode of argument addressed to the ignorant, and the passionate. He writes not only with the temper and candor, but in the style of a theologian, and seems to wish to be judged by those habituated in such studies.

In his preface Dr. Strauss informs us that since the publication of his last German edition (1840) there has been so much advance made by his countrymen in critical investigations, that he should have not a little to add or modify in a subsequent edition. Among the rest he states it as his opinion that Dr. Baur of Tubingen has at last proved (what he, Dr. Strauss, has all along believed, but not been able to show) that the gospel of John had its origin in the opinions of the early Church and that it is composed in part of accounts which the composer knew to be fabulous. We have not yet seen Dr. Baur's Essay. But we venture to affirm on the contrary, that this point he has *not* succeeded in proving. The attack on the gospel of John by Dr. Bretschneider led to such investigations as give us confidence on that point. The proof of the authenticity of the fourth gospel is not new ground. Neither Dr. Baur nor Dr. Strauss can surprise us with any revelations there. But, on the other hand, it must be allowed, that when men of such candor and undoubted learning and laboriousness as these two scholars, unite in declaring that they deem the spuriousness of John sufficiently exhibited, it becomes us to be well possessed of the grounds on which we believe the contrary. This unites with many other symptoms to show that Christianity has in this generation to sustain an attack, such as it never endured before. We shall not now have to war against vulgarity and ignorance and the pretentions of superficial learning, but against genius, against erudition, against undoubted sincerity, against sagacity and acuteness using the stores of an immense research, against the doctrines of a powerful philosophy, aided by a wide spread popular enthusiasm. Although the field of this great battle is especially Germany, yet we shall not be without evidences of the contest. In other modifications the same questions will arise here. The same learning will be used second-hand. And declamation and scoffing will be superadded in abundance. The community of mind throughout the world is such that every people has to move substantially through the same stadia of thought; and we must be in hourly expectation of the onset of the enemy.—It becomes us to be well prepared; that we may meet this new class of adversaries, not with declamation and vehemence and dogmatism and appeals to the popular prejudices of our side, but with temper and candor and learning and conscientious assiduity such as is shown in the writings of our adversaries.

C. F. S.

[We have no scientific knowledge of music and publish the following communication from an unknown correspondent with some misgiving

It seems to be written understandingly, though in a style of more indiscriminate laudation than we are accustomed to use. Perhaps some of our Boston musical amateurs may have a word to say in reply. Ed. Reg.]

THE MOZART COLLECTION OF SACRED MUSIC, containing Melodies, Chorals, Anthems and Chants, harmonised in four parts; together with the celebrated Christus and Miserere, by Zugarelli, with the adaptation of English words; to which is prefixed his new method of teaching the rudiments of music, by E. Ives, Jr. Published by Paine & Burgess, 60 John St. N. Y.

The system by which Mr. Ives instructs his *pupils*, has stood the test of several years extensive practice, it is founded purely upon inductive principles, which, after all said and written, are the true principles by which to impart instruction to the young. To all who study the method before us, it will at once be made clear that the scholar is led on from the very earliest lesson, not only by precept, but by example. Every thing that is explained is exemplified: nothing is left to the chance understanding, but, on the contrary, everything is impressed upon the memory by constant practical experience. By this method, the dry and heavy labor which disgusts the child is avoided, and music is made as it were a flowery way which all would gladly tread.

Mr. Ives is opposed to the Boston system of Solfeggi; thus *Do*, the Italian syllable for *C*, is used upon every degree of the staff in the formation of scales in the Boston books, but Mr. Ives has fixed Do after the European schools, so that in future *Do* will always be *C*, *Re*, *D*, Mi, E, and so on. This method will save beginners much unnecessary confusion in the practice of the scales and the general exercises. Another admirable point in Mr. Ives book is in *localising* the *tenor* music. We have had hitherto three ways of writing tenor music; the strict method of rotation was in the tenor cleff which was fixed upon the fourth line. This method would be all sufficient if the practice were universal, for then every one would be familiar with it; but modern works, especially English works, are all or nearly all printed in the treble cleff, to be sung an octave below, which breeds a confusion fatal to ordinary sight singers. The system should therefore be abolished. In oratorios the tenor part is written in the bass cleff, but as a general thing all solos, duetts, &c., &c., for the tenor voice are written in the treble or G cleff. Mr. Ives fixes the tenor cleff note in the space; the note so designated is middle C upon the piano forte, so that it is precisely a fifth below the treble cleff note and a fifth above the bass cleff note, consequently exactly in its proper position. This will prevent an incalculable amount of misconception.

We are unable to expatiate at any greater length upon the theoretical portion of the work now before us, but we should advise our teachers throughout the country, to study it and adopt it, for it contains the true principles of elementary instruction.

The collection of Psalm tunes is very extensive, and those which are selected are chosen from the highest and most classical sources, while those which are original are distinguished by a union of popular with scientific qualities.—We would *gladly* mention those tunes we particularly admire, but as they number over forty, we will leave our readers to judge for themselves. If we could mention the names of the composers whose compositions add to the value of this work, we feel assured that our recommendation would be strengthened; but we cannot do so, for the tunes number over one hundred and ninety, and the composers over forty.

The work throughout is richly harmonised, but there is nothing crude, harsh nor difficult; all is simple, but all is sterling.

The getting up of the book in arrangement, type, printing, paper, &c. &c., is all that could be wished, but no more than could be expected from the firm of Paine & Burgess. Their risk is great, but we believe that the work will pay them tenfold. We cannot compliment Mr. Ives too highly for the fine taste and artistic skill he has displayed in the arrangement and production of this work; it stands the first of its class, and we believe in all sincerity that it is destined entirely to supplant the imperfect and inadequate collections at present in use, and in this belief we cordially recommend it to our friends, and to the public and private teachers throughout the country.

THE CHARACTER OF THE GENTLEMAN: An Address to the Students of Miami University, on Commencement Eve, 1846. By Francis Lieber, Professor in South Carolina College.

Every one who is at all acquainted with Professor Lieber or his writings will turn to whatever appears from his pen with great interest.—This address which, it seems, was not spoken by the author, is, in fact, an excellent dissertation on that timely subject which he somewhat quaintly calls *gentlemanship*. There is a delightful freshness, by the way, in the use of our language by one who, like this distinguished writer and scholar, so accomplished a master of it, retains at the same time enough of his Germanism to give his style such a peculiar sharpness and strength. The Professor shows, in this production, that union of patience in pursuing a subject with ardor in communication, so characteristic of his nation and himself. He gives us in a very ingenious manner, the natural and the actual history of the gentleman, and treats the importance of the character to the students he is addressing, in their various future positions, as clergymen, lawyers, editors, politicians, citizens, men. He maintains that in the three departments of judicial, military and penal affairs, the world has greatly improved in gentlemanliness, civilization, (so far) Christianization. He urges that the gentlemanly character "the present type" whereof he considers "of modern development and Anglican origin," demands especially to be kept up in this free country of ours; what he says to clergymen is weighty. "If a congregation are convinced that their pastor is a true Christian, a learned divine and a perfect gentleman, he has the strongest hold on their confidence in him. He must not forget that the pulpit gives him a periodical and frequent opportunity of speaking to large numbers without reply. This is power, and requires, like every power, among other things, to be wielded in a gentlemanlike manner, if its possessor desires to secure himself against his own abuse of it."

We should be glad to quote several pages from this sound address which we hope will be widely read and well weighed, but we can only give the closing paragraph.

"And now, gentlemen, at the very moment of writing these last words, I received the speech of Sir Robert Peel on the 30th of June, in which he explains the reasons of his resignation and defeat in Parliament, after having happily passed the free corn trade bill, and, as the reader is referred in some works to a diagram at the end of the volume, so shall I conclude by pointing to that manly speech as a practical illustration of much that I have said on the conduct of the gentleman in politics. Outvoted in Parliament, discarded by the party with whom he came into office, and seeing his successor in power, influence and honors, before him, he still speaks of his whole position, his antagonists, and his former friends now turned into bitter enemies, with calmness, dignity and cheerful liberality, allowing that, in a constitutional country, the loss of power ought to be the natural consequence of a change of opinion upon a vital party question, while he yet rejoices at having thus come to different and better views upon so essential a point as that of the daily bread of the toiling many, and frankly ascribes the chief merit of this most momentous progress to a gentleman* who belongs to a sphere of politics totally different from that in which he himself has been accustomed to move. It is a gentlemanly speech, leaving a corresponding impression in his own country and throughout ours, conciliating and commanding respect as the effect of a conduct truly gentlemanly always will be where civilization dwells among men."

* "Mr. R. Cobden, M. P., and leader of the anti-corn law league, has deserved well of mankind. There is but one omission in Sir Robert Peel's speech with which we might be tempted to find fault No one, I believe, feels greater admiration for Mr. Cobden's wise and energetic course—which, indeed, procured him the offer of a place in the British Cabinet—than myself; but even his labors, and those of the league, would have remained unavailing for a long time yet, it would seem, had not Divine wisdom resolved to send, at this precise juncture the pressing potato rot, and thus aided one of the greatest advancements of mankind, to come to maturity. The historian must mention, together with Cobden and the League, the Potato Rot."

The following extract from the Trumpet was cut out for our paper two or three weeks ago, but accidentally put aside.

UNITARIAN INFLUENCE.

In the "Christian Register" of Sept. 26th, we find an article entitled, "The Prospects of Liberal Christianity." It is from the pen of the editor of that journal. We purpose to extract one paragraph only:

"If we looked solely to our own denomination we might be discouraged. True, there never was a period when Unitarians had so many churches as now, or when they had a more able and zealous ministry, or so wide a field. But at the same time, here in Massachusetts, things are not as they were five and twenty years ago, when almost all the distinguished men of the State were Unitarians;—when the literature, intelligence, public spirit, wealth and social influence were almost entirely on that side. Now the tendency is elsewhere, and the fashion, at least, if not the intelligence, of the community is setting decidedly in another direction."

We have always had the disposition to give our Unitarian brethren due credit for all their good deeds, in which they have by no means been unfruitful. We rejoice in their success above that of every other sect, save our own; and we rejoice in the success of our own the more, only because we believe that Universalists have been the more untiring and manly in the proclamation of the truth.

As to the loss of Unitarian influence, we do not think there has been any absolute loss,—it is merely comparative. The Calvinists, the Universalists, and other sects have come forward rapidly. The former have made desperate efforts for advancement within the last fifteen years. Universalism too has sprung up on every hand. All these movements tend to make the Unitarians comparatively less. All power cannot and ought not be lodged in one sect. Unitarians have always had a vast influence in the State considering the smallness of their numbers. They would have increased in power had they been more liberal. Liberality consists in something else besides fine words. We believe Unitarians will become more strong, because they will become more liberal. If we are too charitable in the latter hope, then Ichabod will soon be written on their walls. O may they be led in the right way.

The most important fact announced by the papers from England is the death of Thomas Clarkson. The following is from the Morning Chronicle.

THOMAS CLARKSON.

"Clarkson! It was an obstinate hill to climb;
How toilsome—nay, how dire—it was, by thee
Is known; by none, perhaps, so feelingly.
But thou, who starting in thy youthful prime,
Didst first lead forth that enterprise sublime,
Hast heard thy constant voice its charge repeal,
Which out of thy young heart's oracular seat
First roused thee. O true yoke fellow of time,
Duty's intrepid liegeman—see, the palm
Is won, and by all nations shall be worn!
The blood-stained writing is for ever torn.
Thou henceforth will have a good man's calm,
A great man's happiness. Thy zeal shall find
Repose at length, firm friend of human kind!"
[Wordsworth.

"Thomas Clarkson was born at Wisbeach, on the 28th of March, 1760, and was therefore in his 87th year at his death, which occurred at Playford Hall, Suffolk, on Saturday last. His early education was received in the free grammar school of Wisbeach, of which his father, "an exemplary, benevolent, and kind-hearted clergyman," was master, and who intended his son for his own profession. He was afterwards sent to St. Paul's School: and subsequently to St. John's College, Cambridge; and it was at this university that the incidental event occurred which gave the direction to Clarkson's future life, and contributed so signally, not only to the extinction of slavery throughout the vast dominions of Great Britain, but is destined, as we fervently hope, to render slavery itself all over the world the historical fossil of a past state of existence.

There was a public opinion in England on the subject of slavery and the slave trade before Clarkson began his labors. It was, in fact, the working of this public opinion which was the cause of his first study of the subject. As far back as 1727, the Society of Friends, at their general yearly meeting in London, resolved "that the importing of negroes was cruel and unjust," and it consequently received severe censure. This protest was annually kept up; and, to use the words of Mr. Taylor, a biographer and friend of Mr. Clarkson, "in 1760, more than twenty years before Clarkson's attention had been called to the subject, they passed a declaration at their yearly meeting to exclude from their society all who participated in any way in the guilty traffic. Almost the first recorded instance of a voluntary surrender of slave property was made in 1770 by a gentleman of that society, named Miffin, who, having inherited from his father nearly forty slaves, generously gave them liberty, and employed them as freemen. Some of the most useful writers in behalf of the oppressed negroes were members of the American Society of Friends."

In this country the memorable efforts of Granville Sharpe led to that famous decision of Westminster Hall, that "slaves cannot breathe in England." A negro of the name of Somerset had been brought to London in 1769; and falling ill, his master turned him out of doors. Granville Sharpe found him in the street, in a state of great destitution, and got him conveyed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he was cured. A situation was procured for him; and two years afterwards his old master, having discovered him, and being desirous to gain possession of one who was now once more worth keeping, had him arrested, and imprisoned in the Poultry Compter as a runaway slave. The negro applied to his benefactor; and Sharpe caused him to be brought before the Lord Mayor, who decided that Somerset should be set at liberty. But the slave master, who had so practically exemplified that the rights of property were paramount to its duties, disregarded the Lord Mayor's decision, seized the negro in the very court itself, and declared that nothing should induce him to part with his slave. The benevolent Sharpe did not allow the matter to rest. An action was brought against the master, in the name of his alleged Slave, for assault, and after a somewhat tedious legal process it was finally decided, in 1772, by the twelve judges, that as soon as a slave sets foot on English territory he is free.

These efforts gradually interested the more enlightened portion of the public, one evidence of which is the fact that Wilberforce, when a boy of fourteen years of age, wrote a letter to a York newspaper, on "the odious traffic in human flesh." Dr. Peckhard, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge became interested in the question, and preached an eloquent sermon on it. The Vice-Chancellor went farther. In 1785 he proposed, as a subject for a prize dissertation, "Anne liceat Invitos in Servitutem dare?—"Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?" Thomas Clarkson, then twenty-four years of age, had gained the prize for the previous year's Latin dissertation; and with the ardor of youth entered the lists again.

"'It is impossible,' he remarks, in his History of Slavery, 'to imagine the severe anguish which the composition of this essay cost me.—All the pleasure I had promised myself from the contest was exchanged for pain, by the astounding facts that were now continually before me. It was one gloomy subject from morning till night. In the day I was agitated and uneasy; in the night I had little or no rest. I was so overwhelmed with grief that I sometimes never closed my eyes during the whole night, and I no longer regarded my essay as a mere trial for literary distinction. My great desire now was to produce a work that should call forth a vigorous public effort to redress the wrongs of injured Africa.' Bearing this idea constantly in mind, and being extremely anxious that no thought that was connected with the subject should escape unrecorded, Clarkson always slept with a light in his room, so that he might rise at any time in the night, and put down anything that occurred to his mind. An essay composed under such intensely excited feelings, and with such great care, could hardly fail to be successful. On completing it, Clarkson handed it to the Vice-Chancellor, and was again honored with the first prize. But neither has literary reputation, though he was by no means insensible to this, nor the time which elapsed from the period when he finished his essay, to the day when its merits were adjudged, could divert his intention from the all-absorbing subject. His desire to expose the cruelties of slavery abated not. After reading his essay in the Senate-house in June, 1785, as is the usual practice, when the interest in such compositions commonly subsides, the subject continued to engross all his thoughts. 'I could not,' he says, "divest myself of the feeling that it was the duty of some one to expose the horrors of this bloody traffic. It grew upon me from day to day, and I could no longer keep my mind at rest."

Thus was the career of Thomas Clarkson determined; and his very first efforts in the cause are characteristic of that combined tenacity and ardor which enable him, through many long years, and under discouragements which would have repelled abler, but less determined men, to persevere, until he had succeeded in concentrating public opinion, and bringing it to bear on the Legislature. When in London, seeking for a publisher for his prize essay,

"He casually met with Joseph Hancock, one of the Society of Friends, whom he had known for many years, but had not seen for a considerable time. Hancock had heard of his prize-essay, and inquired why he had not published it, expressing an opinion that it would meet with a ready sale among the Friends, and he thought also among the public generally. Clarkson replied, "I am now in pursuit of a suitable publisher, can you recommend me to one?" on which Hancock took him to William Phillips, a respectable bookseller in Georgeyard, Lombard street, to whom Clarkson offered the work, and whose advice he found to be of great advantage. Phillips was on terms of intimacy with William Dillwyn, and with all the members of the little association who had been silently pursuing their labors in the good cause; to all of whom, as well as to Granville Sharpe, Clarkson was by him introduced. The joy of our then young philanthropist, on perceiving thus unexpectedly that he should not in future have to labor alone in this great work, but should have the happiness to be associated with a small band of most useful coadjutors, was almost overpowering. Adverting to it he remarks, "How surprised was I to know that William Dillwyn had two years before associated himself with five others for the purpose of enlightening the public mind on this great subject. How astonished was I to learn that a society, with many of the members of which he was intimately connected, has been formed in America. And how still more astonished was I at the encouraging inference, which instantly rushed on my mind, that he was capable of being made the great medium of connexion between the friends of abolition in both countries. These thoughts almost overpowered me. My mind was overwhelmed with the thought that I had been providentially directed to this house, that the finger of Providence was beginning to be felt, that the day-star of African liberty was rising, and that I might probably be permitted to become a humble instrument in promoting it."

"The essay was published in June 1786. It contained a much more able exposure of the evils connected with the African slave-trade than any previous work. It was welcomed by all the friends of liberty and humanity; and Clarkson soon found, by the numerous invitations he received from different families, that there were some who took a lively interest in the welfare of the despised, oppressed negro."

From thenceforward the life of Thomas Clarkson is merged in the history of the long-continued agitation against slavery and the slave-trade. Continually travelling about—conversing with all classes—seeking information—endeavoring to interest influential individuals—exposing himself to obloquy, misrepresentation, disappointment, and even active hostility—he nevertheless persevered, and, amongst others, secured the influential and ultimately powerful and triumphant co-operation of Mr Wilberforce.

* * * *

The business which Thomas Clarkson assigned to himself was the collection of evidence; and to this he devoted all his energies, with a self-sustaining endurance which nothing but the most earnest faith could have imparted. He repeatedly travelled over England, visited France during the progress of the Revolution, obtained the approbation of Necker, the concurrence of La Fayette, and strove to interest Mirabeau; wrote letters, pamphlets, essays, and strove by every possible means to interest the public in the question.

"'For seven years,'" he says, 'I had a correspondence to maintain with four hundred persons. I had some work or other annually to write for the cause. During this time I had travelled more than thirty-five thousand miles in search of evidence, performing a great part of these journeys in the night. All this time my mind had been incessantly on the stretch upon one subject only, for I had no leisure to attend to my own concerns. The various instances of barbarity that had frequently come under my notice had vexed, harassed, and afflicted me. The wounds thus inflicted had been deepened by the cruel disappointment I had so often experienced by the reiterated refusal of persons to give their testimony after I had travelled hundreds of miles in quest of them.'"

Clarkson's health broke down under his labors, and for nine years he retired from the agitation. He did not however, forget the great cause to which he had devoted himself; amid other literary labors, his pen was still employed in advocating the abolition of slavery. In 1818, he went to Paris, and afterwards to Aix-la-Chapelle, where he had an interview with the Emperor of Russia, and on his return to England threw his efforts into the cause of the emancipation of the negroes in our West Indian colonies. The dying moments of Wilberforce were cheered by the knowledge of the fact, that a British Parliament had voted twenty millions for their emancipation; but Clarkson lived to learn the complete success of the bold and noble experiment. Latterly, increasing age and infirmities, and a bodily frame by no means naturally strong, precluded him from taking an active part in public meetings. He appeared in 1840 at the great meeting of the Anti-Slavery Convention at Exeter Hall, when the late Duke of Sussex was in the chair; but his infirmities were so great as to require the utmost precaution on the part of the crowded assembly lest any unusual demonstration of applause should disturb him.

Some controversy has been excited respecting the share which Thomas Clarkson has had in the anti-slavery agitation; and in the Life of Wilberforce, by his sons, there are depreciatory observations, which Clarkson thought it necessary to vindicate himself from. But all this is now at rest; and now that he has dropped, like ripe fruit, into his grave, we can assign him his due share of merit, without awakening any painful feeling in the mind of the most attached friend.

For the Register.

OBITUARY.

EDMUND BAKER.

Died, at his residence in Dorchester, on Sunday, the 11th of October, Mr. Edmund Baker, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

The object of this notice of the death of one of our oldest citizens, is not to eulogize the dead, but to excite the living to enter into that vacated field of charity, in which he has so long and so nobly labored for the relief of suffering humanity. He was a man of strongly marked traits of character, whose kindness to his friends will be cherished with most grateful remembrance, and whose liberality to the poor, will cause him to be deeply lamented by a numerous circle, who have shared his munificence, and whose hearts have been cheered by his counsels of affection and sympathy. Few men have lived so much for others, and so little for themselves as Mr. Baker. To make those around him happy, to supply the comforts and conveniences of life to the destitute, was the absorbing object of his solicitude. He forgot himself in ministering to others. This was his ruling impulse, at home, in his family; and abroad, in the kindly offices of a neighbor, a citizen, and a friend. He had a keen perception of his own inalienable rights, both in opinion and practice, and was ever ready to maintain these, and he was ever ready to respect and defend the rights of others, from what he deemed an unwarrantable infringement, from whatever quarter it might come. He was ever ready to protect the weak against the oppression of the strong, and to espouse the cause of the widow and the fatherless. These he adopted as his children. He visited them in their affliction, not to say, "be ye warmed and filled," but to supply them with bread, and fuel, and raiment. He had for them the word of comfort, the heart of pity and the hand of relief. His generosity was not in lip and in tongue, but in deeds,—in substantial articles of food and clothing. And so much attached had he become to those who had so long been the objects of his charity, that their necessities and wants were the most engrossing subjects of his thoughts and conversation in his last sickness. These were the last objects of his solicitude and anxiety. Having cared for them; he cared for them unto the end. And the last use of his pen, was in making out a Quarterly Catalogue of various articles of clothing for them, for the approaching winter. But the frost of death arrested his hand, in its unfinished act of beneficence, and sealed up its generous work forever upon earth. His death has left a wide chasm to be filled up in the desolate hearts and dwellings of the poor, by deeds of either public provision, or individual munificence. The average amount of his annual benefactions to the poor, for the last ten or fifteen years, was over SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS, besides many nameless, unrecorded items of casual charity to individuals, not upon his list of annual appropriation. This amount was nearly ONE-FIFTH of his annual income;—and constitutes his noblest eulogium. It entitles him to the worthiest of mortal appellations, THE FRIEND OF THE POOR. In his accustomed visits, to the various dwellings of his beneficiaries, he might truly adopt the language of the Patriarch of Uz, "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me, because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy; I was eyes to the blind; and feet was I to the lame, I was a father to the poor, and the cause I knew not, I searched out." It was not in his individual and private acts alone, generous as they were, that Mr. Baker benefitted the sons and daughters of suffering and penury. It was owing to his earnest counsels, and strenuous exertions, that the town of Dorchester, was induced to set the example, in this vicinity, if not in the Commonwealth, of the present method, so generally adopted, of providing a comfortable *home* for the poor, and of employing its *male inmates*, in repairing the public roads. If not the father of this system, he early adopted it as the child of his deepest interest and hope, and in carrying it into successful execution, he was called to take the most active and responsible office, of superintendence, in the discharge of which duty, many pleasing incidents, and amusing anecdotes are related, by his cotemporaries, strikingly characteristic of the genuine kindness and philanthropy of his heart, and the filial confidence and reliance which the poor reposed in him.

As a public spirited citizen, a prompt and energetic man of business, of sterling judgment, integrity and independence,—of punctuality, decision and correctness, Mr. Baker had few equals. By his own exertions, he accumulated a handsome property, and in the full vigor of his faculties, and comparatively early in life, he retired from the active pursuits of business, satisfied with the competency he had secured for himself and family, and "the luxury of doing good" with what remained over and above the annual expenses of his generous, hospitable, unostentatious domestic establishmsnt.

In the bosom of his own family,—as a husband,—a father,—a brother,—he could only be known and appreciated, as his kindness and worth deserved. For the mere echo of popular opinion he had no regard. He acted from the dictates of his own sense of right, unswayed by the customary and conventionalisms of the world. He has died and been gathered to his fathers "in a good old age," and his laudable example in behalf of the poor and the fatherless, calls loudly upon the rich and the affectionate, "to go and do likewise." H.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

One of the most interesting items of intelligence by the Caledonia relates to the steamship Great Britain. The account is from the European Times:—

It is with extreme regret that we have to announce that this noble vessel has met with another disaster on her last outward passage from Liverpool to New York, and one which, we fear, *may* disable her from ever again crossing the Atlantic.

She left this port on the morning of the 23d ult., taking one hundred and eighty-five passengers, about sixty tons of valuable fine goods as freight, and about the same measurement of passengers' luggage. After clearing the Bell Buoy, she bore away for the Calf of Man. At four or five o'clock in the afternoon the island was distinctly visible on the starboard bow. Shortly after it set in to rain, and the wind increased, the ship making excellent progress. Night then closed in, dark and wet, and the wind gradually freshened into a half gale. The log was repeatedly taken. The weather was thick and foggy, and the ship passed the Calf light before dark, without being able to distinguish the lighthouse at that station. About half past nine o'clock, the passengers were started by an extraordinary noise on deck, and a cry of "stop her!"—"aground, aground"—"the breakers, the breakers!"—"we are wrecked!"—"oh, we are wrecked!" A general fear prevailed that the ship was in collision with some other vessel; but it was soon found that she had stranded. The night was dark and stormy, the ship beat incessantly upon the sand, the breakers repeatedly breaking heavily over her, and one of the life-boats was carried from its fastenings on the quarter.

Alarms and cries instantly pervaded the ship, and apprehensions were general amongst the passengers that the ship would break up during the night beneath the force of the breakers which constantly burst over her decks. To add to that moment of woe, the lightning glared, the thunder bellowed portentously from a thick curtain of overhanging cloud, and the rain began to fall in torrents. The scene was one that baffles description. So far as the eye could pierce through the gloom, the sea was a general cauldron of foam, and the white spray lashing the sides of the ship, flew over all on board like snow flakes. The ship had outsailed her captain's reckoning; and the light on "St. John's Point" being mistaken for that of the "Calf of Man," she went ashore at Rathmullin, in Dundrum Bay. Throughout the emergency, Captain Hosken behaved with admirable self-possession, energy, and with the greatest kindness.

*** The Unitarian Society in Sterling have given a unanimous invitation to Mr. Thomas Prentice Allen, late from the Cambridge Theological School, and son of Rev. Joseph Allen of Northborough.

*** The Thursday Lecture was preached this week, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury, from Ecclesiastes, i. 3. "What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh, under the sun."

Subject,—Labor, man's necessity and blessing.

☞ TEMPERANCE ON SUNDAY EVENING, 25th. The Rev. J. A. Buckinham will deliver a discourse in the spacious Vestry of the 2d Church, (Mr. Robbins) Hanover Street, at 7½ o'clock. The great importance of the subject at this time claims attention.—
M. GRANT, Pres. B. T. A. Soc'y.
F. R. WOODWARD, Sec'y. o24

☞ SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY. The Treasurer of the Sunday School Society acknowledges the receipt of Ten Dollars contributed by the teachers of the Sunday School connected with the Church of the Disciples of which Rev. J. F. Clarke is Pastor, to constitute their Superintendent, James Whiting, Esq., a life member. o24

☞ NOTICE. The Cheshire Pastoral Association will hold its next meeting at the house of Rev C. Cutler, in Peterboro', on Tuesday, 27th inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M.
A. A. LIVERMORE, Scribe.

☞ The SABBATH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, in connection with the above will hold its annual meeting in the Rev Mr Cutler's meeting house, in Peterboro', on Tuesday, 27th inst, at 2 o'clock, P. M. An Address is expected from Rev Charles Brooks, one of the Boston S. School Agents. M. W. WILLIS, Sec. o17

☞ WORCESTER ASSOCIATION. The next meeting is postponed a week from the usual time. The brethren will assemble at the house of Rev Mr Hill, in Worcester, at 5 o'clock, P. M., on Tuesday, Oct 27.
o17 H. WITHINGTON, Scribe.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 19th inst., by Rev Mr Stearns, Mr Josiah Shattuck of Pepperell, to Miss Catharine F. Tarbell of Brookline, N. H.

Mr. George H. Smith to Miss Ruth J. Harrington, of Shoreham, Vt.

In Charlestown, 19th inst, by Rev Mr Greenleaf, Mr George B. Neal to Miss Caroline H. Fisk, of C.

In Roxbury, 20th inst, by Rev Mr Gray, Mr Chas. H. Blanchard of Boston, to Mary E. daughter of Mr. Benjamin Stevenson of R.

In Brighton, on Wednesday evening, by Rev Mr Whitney, John N. Baxter, Counsellor at Law, to Miss Sarah F. daughter of Jared Coffin of Brighton.

In Sudbury, on the 14th inst., by Rev Mr Shaw, Mr Elisha C. Skinner of Lynn, to Miss Marion R. Brown of Waltham.

At Pembroke, 18th inst, by the Rev. Mr Smith, Mr Zenas G. Sturtevant of Pembroke to Miss Abigail D. Hollis of Hanover.

DEATHS.

In this city, 15th inst., Mr Joseph Rumrill, 34.

On Sunday, Mrs Elizabeth S., wife of Phillip Lord, 28.

17th inst, Thomas, son of Edward and Henrietta M. Wiggles worth, 3 years 5 mos.

20th inst., Mr Jacob Anderson, 32.

In South Boston, 14th inst., Adaline Lydia, daughter of Mr Robert Emerson, 6 years 7 mos.

In Cambridge, Frances Brown, only daughter of Walter M. and Mary A. Wilson, 3 years 6 mos.

In Watertown, 17th inst, Mrs Jane, wife of Mr Lemuel Tompkins, 52.

In North Bridgewater, Mrs Ruth, midow of the late Timothy Ames, 88.

In Sterling, 19th inst, of typhus fever, Mrs Mary W. wife of Mr Charles B. Sawyer of Boston, 25.

In Concord, 16th inst., Eli Russell, son of Eli and Mary Jones, of Honolulu, S. I.

In Amesbury, Mrs Mary Ann Hills, 25.

In Readin., 16th inst, Mary Ann Brown, 24.

In Springfield, 5th inst., Mrs Almira L. wife of Apollo Munn, Esq., editor of the Hampden Statesman, 31.

In North Danvers, George Otis, son of Otis and Elizabeth P. Mudge, 2 years.

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o8ly Office Hour, 2½ o'clock P. M. o24

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POETRY.

[For the Register.]

THOUGHTS OF THE DYING.

Bring to my bedside flowers—
Something that speaks of summer's balmy breath,
Of lonely wanderings during twilight hours,
Ere my cheek faded to the hue of death.

Open the casement wide,
And let a flood of moonlight glory in,
Such as I fondly loved in days of pride,
When worldly thoughts oft tempted me to sin!

And let my eyes once more
Read the sublimer beauty of the star,
That to this far-off, dim, ungenial shore,
Sends its full beams like blessings from afar!

Now leave me with the night—
The moon and stars and flowers to muse awhile;
There is no darkness in my soul, but light
So pure I deem it is my Father's smile!

And though the glad birds rest
From their wide ranging over hill and vale,
Perchance there sits by me an angel guest,
Breathing the music floating on the gale!

A parting word to those,
Whose love hath been like dew-drops to the flower
Scorched by the mid-day sun. My spirit goes
To feel forever love's restoring power.

Thou canst not break, oh death,
One holy tie that binds the human soul;
Thy might is vanquished with the latest breath,
And spirit, *life*, is freed from thy control.

I will not think of thee,
Oh cold and stern of purpose, but of all
The glory that o'erwhelms me like a sea,
When moonlight, flowers and music 'bide my call.

H. S. W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TWO MOHAMMEDAN CONVERTS.

Two Mohammedans of Arabia, persons of consideration in their own country, have been converted to the Christian faith. One of them has already suffered martyrdom, and the other is engaged in translating the Scriptures, and in concerting plans for the conversion of his countrymen. The name of the martyr was Abdallah, and the name of the other, who is now translating the Scriptures, is Sabat; or, as he is called since his Christian baptism, Nathaniel Sabat. Sabat resided in my house some time before I left India, and I had from his own mouth the chief part of the account which I shall now give you. Some particulars I had from others. His conversion took place after the martyrdom of Abdallah, "to whose death he was consenting;" and he related the circumstance to me with many tears.

Abdallah and Sabat were intimate friends, and, being young men of family in Arabia, they agreed to travel together and to visit foreign countries. They were both zealous Mohammedans. The two friends left Arabia, after paying their adorations at the tomb of their prophet at Mecca, and travelled through Persia, and thence to Cabul. Abdallah was appointed to an office of state, under Zemaun Shah, king of Cabul; and Sabat left him there and proceeded on a tour through Tartary.

While Abdallah remained at Cabul, he was converted to the Christian faith by the perusal of a Bible (as is supposed) belonging to a Christian from Armenia, then residing at Cabul. In the Mohammedan states it is death for a man of rank to become a Christian. Abdallah endeavored for a time to conceal his conversion; but finding it no longer possible, he determined to flee to some of the Christian churches near the Caspian Sea. He accordingly left Cabul in disguise, and had gained the great city of Bokhara, in Tartary, when he was met in the streets of that city by his friend Sabat, who immediately recognized him. Sabat had heard of his conversion and flight, and was filled with indignation at his conduct. Abdallah knew his danger, and threw himself at the feet of Sabat. He confessed that he was a Christian, and implored him, by the sacred tie of their former friendship, to let him escape with his life. "But, sir," said Sabat, when relating the story himself, "I had no pity. I caused my servants to seize him, and I delivered him to Morad Shah, King of Bokharah. He was sentenced to die, and a herald went through the city of Bokhara, announcing the time of his execution. An immense multitude assembled, and the chief men of the city. I also went, and stood near to Abdallah. He was offered his life if he would abjure Christ, the executioner standing by him with his sword in his hand. "No," said he, (as if the proposition were impossible to be complied with,) "I cannot abjure Christ." Then one of his hands was cut off at his wrist. He stood firm, his arm hanging by his side with but little motion. A physician, by desire of the King, offered to heal the wound, if he would recant. He made no answer, but looked up steadfastly towards heaven, like Stephen, the first martyr, his eyes streaming with tears. He did not look with anger toward me, but it was benignly, and with the countenance of forgiveness. His other hand was then cut off. But, sir," said Sabat, in his imperfect English, "he never changed, he never changed. And when he bowed his head to receive the blow of death, all Bokhara seemed to say, "What new thing is this?"

Sabat had indulged the hope that Abdallah would have recanted when he was offered his life; but when he saw that his friend was dead, he resigned himself to grief and remorse. He travelled from place to place, seeking rest and finding none. At last he thought he would visit India. He accordingly came to Madras about five years ago. Soon after his arrival he was appointed by the English government a mufti, or expounder of Mahommedan law; his great learning and respectable station in his own country, rendering him eminently qualified for that office. And now the period of his own conversion drew near. While he was at Visagapatam, exercising his professional duties, Providence brought in his way a New Testament in Arabic. He read it with deep thought, the Koran lying before him. He compared them together, and at length the truth of the word of God fell on his mind, as he expressed it, like a flood of light. Soon afterwards he proceeded to Madras, a journey of three hundred miles, to seek Christian baptism; and having made a public confession of his faith, he was baptised in the English church at that place, by the name of Nathaniel, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

Being now desirous to devote his future life to the glory of God, he resigned his secular employ, and came by invitation to Bengal, where he is now engaged in translating the Scriptures into the Persian language. This work has not hitherto been executed, for want of a translator of sufficient ability. The Persian is an important language in the East, being the general language of Western Asia, particularly among the higher classes, and is understood from Calcutta to Damascus. But the great work which occupies the attention of this noble Arabian, is the promulgation of the gospel among his own countrymen; and from the present fluctuations of religious opinion in Arabia, he is sanguine in his hopes of success. His first work is entitled "Happy News for Arabia," written in the Nabuttee, or common dialect of the country. It contains an argumentative elucidation of the truth of the gospel, with copious authorities admitted by the Mahommedans themselves, and particularly by the Wahabians. And prefixed to it is an account of the conversion of the author, and an appeal to the members of his well-known family in Arabia for the truth of the facts.

The following circumstance in the history of he[illegible] ought not to have been omitted. When worldly in Arabia had heard that he had fol- on the P example of Abdallah, and become a can he m they dispatched his brother to India, the Sabb (of two months,) to assassinate him. at was sitting in his house at Visagsacred; his brother presented himself in the disguise of a Faqueer or beggar, having a dagger concealed under his mantle. He rushed on Sabat, and wounded him. But Sabat seized his arm, and his servants came to his assistance. He then recognized his brother. The assassin would have become the victim of public justice, but Sabat interceded for his brother, and sent him home in peace, with letters and presents to his mother's house in Arabia. [Buchanan.

☞ The following pathetic sketch is from the pen of Mr. Chandler, Editor of the U. S. Gazette, published at Philadelphia:—

A REASON FOR DRUNKENNESS.

Nearly forty years ago, we were sitting on a rock that jutted out towards Plymouth Bay—a slight breeze swept up the channel and rippled its current; far off, but far between the projecting capes, was the line of the horizon, resting on the blue circle of the multitudinous sea. There was nothing to disturb the scene—it was the hour of noon—and silence reigning along the shore, and even within the habitations, because the table is there blessed before enjoyed, and the invocation, if it brings not down the spirit which it seeks, lifts up the heart which it reaches.

We had been despatched, that day, with the dinner basket and the bottle to the man laboring among the rocks, and gathering up the debris of the shore.

In these days, piety herself proffered the glass, and temperance solaced herself with the regular cup.

The man had busied himself with his fare, but he tendered to us a portion of his food—we declined it, having already dined.

"I will not offer you anything from the bottle" said he, "it is bad, very bad for the young, and worse for the old. Never touch it, Joseph, as you hope for respect in life."

Let us say, that the speaker was the son of one of the most respectable persons in the county—had been well educated, and started in manhood with a fine competency,—but took to rum. From one grade to another, he had gone down to the rank of a common laborer, in the town of his birth, and earned a miserable living for a wife and numerous children, by the most menial offices, and went home beastly drunk, whenever he could get rum enough to make him intoxicated. He was a lost man, a miserable object.

"Never touch it," said he, "as you hope for respect in life. It is a deadly poison, palsying all physical and moral powers—with its use, man is a brute, a slave to every one who wishes to command him—without it, temperate and industrious, he may be what he pleases."

"No man can hope for respect who indulges in rum—but temperate, and with the education to be acquired in our schools, he must grow up in the respect of his fellow men, and, in time must obtain competency. Indulge in this," and he held up to the sun the half emptied bottle, "and shame, poverty and toil follow—avoid it, and you may command the services of every one that sins in this way—may you never be thus commanded."

The man had been a sot, proverbially, from our earliest remembrance, and though we knew he possessed a spirit of kindness towards others, we had never heard him thus refer to the sin that most easily beset him. We gazed, therefore, for some time, upon him, before we venturtured a reply—at length we said, in a tone marked rather by affectionate solicitude, than the forwardness of boyish impertinence. "If respect is only found by avoiding excess in drinking, why then do we see so many forfeiting that respect?" Mr——— looked a little confused, but he was seen preparing with a reply.

"It is, perhaps, because they have no one to point out to them their errors."

"But," said we, "some know their own errors, and point out the consequences to others. Why do they not avoid them."

A cloud passed across the face of the poor man; but it was a feeling of pain, not of anger. He rose from the ground on which he was sitting and standing for a few moments by my side, his feelings gradually subsided to the calmness of the delightful day upon which we were looking.

"You ask," said he, "why they do not avoid the evil consequences of rum. Alas! you are too young to know the influences of appetite, when the means of gratification are within reach. You cannot know how desolating to every heart is the spirit of intemperance. At times it seems that good resolves will spring up, but if the temptation is not removed, the evil is repeated. Would there be found some powerful influence, some human beings to remove the sufferer from the plague, to raise him above the attack, he could, perhaps, be saved—but who shall do it?"

"Look along this shore, nearly its whole extent is marked by barren sands or abraded pebbles. Not a spire of grass shoots up, for every tide washes the whitened surface; and should there at any time spring up beyond us, a few green spots of herbage, the acrid waters of the returning spring tides would destroy it all. There is far up in the bay a single exception, Mr. —— has redeemed, by care, a portion of the shore, by shutting out the tide, and elevating the sod; no portion of salt water now reaches the enclosure, which is as green and flourishing as the upland fields. And just so it is with the drunkard. The poisoned glass returns to his lips as regular as the tide to the shore. Every house he enters presents the bitter waters, and thrice a day his employer provokes and gratifies his appetite for the accursed poison, in order to stimulate his muscles to labor. And if a single resolution of abstinence is formed, in sickness or in want, it is swept away by the returning wave of dissipation. When I see what has been the murderous effect of drunkenness, I stand astonished, that those who have got something to lose, should put all to risk upon every day's gratification. If they cannot elevate the fallen above the influence of the waves of intoxication, they might at least place the feet of their children above this tide."

We were astonished, child as we were, at the correctness of the man's perceptions. The wonder was that he should have ventured upon expressing them.

"If the effect of drunkeness," said we, "is so injurious, and sobriety is so certain to bring early respect and ultimate wealth, why do we see so many—why, indeed, one that knowing those consequences, indulge in intoxication?"

"Or rather," said the man, starting suddenly, as if offended at the question—"Why do I continue to drink—why do I go racing through the town every week, mad as a bacchanal, and drunk as a brute, why do I destroy every form of rational pride and every claim to human respect by swilling at the bottle, until the very dogs bark at me as I reel along the road, or seek a lodging beneath the shelter of a friendly wall? Why is my wife, born to something better, and my children, who are ruined by my example, disgraced and half starved by my cursed habits? This is what you ask—you mean to inquire, why I make a drunkard, a beast of myself, why I caution you against the crime."

We stepped backward, somewhat startled at the force of the appeal, and the truth of his application, but we did not deny that his own case was in our mind when we made the inquiry.

The man turned with us towards the beautiful bay, whose soft repose seemed to calm his agitation, and soothe the irritation of his mind. He gazed for some time upon the glassy surface, as if it reflected back to him the pleasure of his earlier days, full of promise, honor to himself, and comfort to others, at length he said,

"You have heard from your mother and others, all my story, which is one of folly, not of crime, as the world reckons it; no man can charge them with the ordinary falsehoods which business excuses, if not encourages. My rapid descent was accelerated by the custom which then, as now prevailed, and my intoxication was but the consequence of a single extra cup. I am now what you see me, without the ability or knowledge for mechanical labor, and consequently, dependent on the discharge of the meanest offices for bread. Yet, with the full recollection of all that I was, a consciousness of attainment suited to the enjoyment, if not the acquisition of wealth—it is now impossible for me to do more than to earn my bread by this menial toil, and it is painful to think that I could have done better.

'When I wake to sobriety, from my most beastly state, I feel that this labor is suited to such a wretch; I lost *my self-respect*, and grow content with my degradation—a week's sobriety would make me too proud to gather material for manure from the sea shore, and my family would starve—my drunkenness has steeped my family in poverty, I must not by *sobriety* make them beggars. You do not understand this—you do not know the benefit of destroying all natural pride. May you never attain that forbidden knowledge; but remember that nothing is so effective as intoxication—drunkenness is the perfect destroyer of self esteem.

The tears that coursed down the cheeks of the poor degraded man told of awakened feelings, and we felt a hope that some new resolve of good was to be made.

"I have at times thought," said he, "that something might be done to check this torrent of intoxication, and plans have presented themselves to my mind—once, indeed, I spoke of them to one whose station would give importance to his views—he only replied. "I drink only what I need, you drink too much." There is a way to abate the evil, but what it is I know not—and generations may pass away, the proud be humbled, the rich beggared and the noble and gallant degraded by drunkenness, before the true remedy will be applied. What *that* is, I do not know.

The poor man died a tenant of an almshouse, and his auditor lives to see the remedy fully applied in all the circle, at that time within the knowledge of the two interlocutors.

HINTS TO YOUNG MEN. Be economical. No matter if your parents are worth millions, it is not the less proper that you should understand the value of money, and the honest, honorable means of acquiring it. What multitudes of young men, particularly in our cities, make shipwreck of reputation and health, and eventually of property, by neglect of this maxim? They are aware that their fathers obtained their wealth by habits of industry, but they are ashamed of the name. They forget that wealth in this country passes rapidly from one to another, and that he who is rich to-day may be poor to-morrow; or that he who relies on wealth amassed by his father may end his days in a pauper house. It is for the young man to say whether by industry and economy he will secure competence and respectability, or by idleness become a worthless beggar, and a sponging outcast.

Be just. In the course of life a man frequently finds his interest or his opinion crossed by those from whom he had a right to expect better things, and the young men are apt to feel such matters very sensibly. Look at their conduct carefully, and be just to motives that prompt it. You may find that, were you placed in their position, the course you now condemn would be the proper one for you, and the one you would be under obligations to pursue. A little cool consideration would avoid much censoriousness.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

"And he took them in his arms and blessed them."

Who can calculate the influence of children? Their faith often puts to shame the doubtful trust of their parents. Heroism is taught by the wayward boy and gentle girl.

We are apt to say youth is impulsive; it has no deep spring of action; that principle comes later. If this rule be true, it has its exceptions.

A few months since, a fair child received a sum of money to purchase her a bonnet. She was pleased with the gift, and, like all young persons, thought much of the color, shape, and effect of this new article of dress.

About this time, her minister pleaded very warmly for a destitute society at the West. The child treasured every word of the address. Its roots struck deep into her heart. She became thoughtful, as if solving some knotty problem. At last the generous soul could no longer retain its cogitations, and she sought her mother's willing ear. Even there she almost feared to reveal her project; but the deep interest of maternal love strengthened the timid feet, and forth came the avowal, which showed the most delicate filial obedience, and the most cheerful self-sacrifice.

"Mamma," said our little protege, "I have thought over again and again the discourse of Mr. O. Do tell me if you should feel mortified to have me wear my old hat all summer? I want the money you have given me for something else. I have been thinking that I could send it to Mr. O., and so make the old straw do; but I will not, if you or father have the slighest objection."

Her mother expressed her satisfaction at the proposed plan; but reminded her of the beautiful satin her sister had bought, and told her that comparisons would be made between the two, and that, furthermore, should she regret having done it, the act would no longer be a good one. "To be sure that you are persuaded in your own mind, wait till to-morrow, and then act yourself."

Morning came, and again the petitioner appeared. "Mother," said she, "I have not changed my mind. I still wish to do as I told you."

"Then you cant" observed Mrs. F.; "I will not prevent you."

She enclosed the money, and sent it to her pastor, desiring him to accept her mite for his cause.

Will any one deny the effect of this act? The most eloquent appeal could not move us as the innocent devotion of this gem of nature.

Another lesson it surely teaches; the expediency of allowing children pin money to spend according to their discretion, and of inculcating the lesson, that there is no charity unless we deny ourselves. All know this, but some claim pearls for their diadems which will never grace them; and some receive the applause of men, when angels make no record of their deeds. **

Sept., 1846. [Orphan's Advocate.

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

BY THE REV. LUTHER LEE.

Children, there was once a little girl who had a very pious mother, and she was not like many of the rude little girls who may read this story; she was mild and gentle, and never disobeyed her mother. Her mother taught her to pray when very small. She learned to pray, catching the deep holy whispers that fell from her mother's lips. That mother was a widow, and though a widow, drinking deep of sorrow, still she thought herself blessed while she had such a child.

But, children, that mother died, leaving her little loved one alone in this dark and cold world. It was a dark hour when night came, and the little girl found herself alone, without a mother, without a friend in the world. She now prayed as she never prayed before; she had deeper sorrow and deeper feeling, and as she prayed, great tears ran from grief's gushing fountain. Her prayer went up to heaven, and was heard at the throne of God. He, who is the orphan's God, received it and sent the answer to her heart. The spirit like some dove of gentle, silent wing, descended from the throne, and brooded on her grief charged heart, and a holy calm was felt. No voice was heard, no angel form was seen, and yet her feelings changed as though some friend had whispered peace in words that filled her heart with balmy hope. But still she sighed and wept, but not so sorrowful, joy mingled with her grief, and hope rode buoyant on each flowing tear, and thus she sobbed herself to sleep, and rested till the morning light.

But so it is, what is a night of rest to one is oft a night of wakefulness and pain to others.—While slept the little praying, weeping orphan girl on her poor couch, nor dreamed of aught but hope and peace, for angels watched her sleeping hours and chased all frightful spectres hence, yon lady could not sleep. Though on a bed of down all curtained o'er, and wealth around her shone, and husband near, affectionate and kind, nor child for whom to care and wake the sleepless feelings of a mother; but still she could not sleep. Something stirred her thoughts; and first she thought of life, its transient date, and then she thought of death, and then the grave, and then the fresh earth of that lone widow's grave came full to view. And as she thought of her so lately gathered from the storms of life, where earth has little cheer for widowed hearts, the little orphan, now wrapt in balmy sleep, came to her mind, and deep regret was felt that she had not thought or cared before for her. Sleep now took wing nor slept she more till morn. If angels watched the sleeping orphan's couch, no less did some disturbing spirit hover round the bed of down, and stir the fountains of that lady's soul, for God who heard the orphan's evening prayer, no doubt, by his own spirit, wrote it on that lady's heart.

The morning came; 't was calm and bright, early birds poured forth their songs, and bubbling rivulets sent forth their music on the morning zephyr's wing; and ere the little girl had brushed away the mists that sleep had thrown around, and waked to see the beauties of the morn, or feel the desolation of her orphan heart, she was startled at the sound of gentle footsteps drawing near, and ere she from her couch could spring, that lady of the sleepless night was now the angel of the morn close by her side, and as she startled in alarm, she soothed her with a kiss, and in her ear she uttered tender words. Come home with me, she said, and be my child, for children I have none; I take thee from thy want, and from thy lonely sorrow, and I to thee will be a mother.

The orphan child then wept and prayed again, but thanks and gratitude were all she uttered, for then she knew that God had heard her prayer, and she exclaimed, "Our heavenly Father, ever blessed be thy name."

[Why must a man who has something to say, write in so execrable a style as the above?]

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY
GEORGE N. BRIGGS.
Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

A PROCLAMATION.

FOR A DAY OF
PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

Our Pilgrim Fathers, in the infancy of their settlement upon the border of an unexplored wilderness, and, compared with our privileges and enjoyments, under circumstances of destitution, were so deeply impressed with the Divine Goodness towards them, that they set apart days for public thanksgiving to that great and good Being who had brought them safely over a wide ocean, and preserved them in the midst of dark forests and savage men.

We, their descendants, are reaping the fruits of their labors, and enjoying the unnumbered mercies of a beneficent Providence. To all classes of our people the past year has been one of signal prosperity. Business has been successful, labor has been rewarded, the productions of the earth have been abundant, the means of education have been improved, and those civil and religious institutions, transmitted to us from our fathers, have secured the uninterrupted enjoyment of individual and public liberty, and the right of every citizen to worship the Creator according to the dictates of his conscience.

Great indeed is our occasion for thanksgiving and gratitude to the parental Author of all our mercies.

In imitation of the example of the wise and good who have gone before us, I do, therefore, by and with the advice and consent of the Council, appoint THURSDAY, THE TWENTY-SIXTH DAY OF NOVEMBER next, to be observed by the people of this Commonwealth as a day of THANKSGIVING, PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Most earnestly I request them to suspend the pursuits of business and of pleasure, and on that day, with their ministers of religion, go up to their places of public worship, present themselves before the altars of the living God, and bear to Him the offerings of grateful, humble, and contrite hearts.

Enjoying the temporal blessings bestowed upon us by our heavenly Father, let us remember that our immortal nature needs those spiritual mercies that will "make us wise unto salvation," that we are sinners before the Supreme Judge of Heaven and Earth, and that our only hope of pardon and acceptance with Him, held out in the volume of inspiration is by "repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ."

Let us humbly pray that God will continue to us, as individuals and as a community, those privileges and enjoyments which he has hitherto vouchsafed to us:

That he will dispose the rich in this world's goods to remember the poor and to show kindness to the widow and the fatherless:

That he will look propitiously upon the people of our sister states, and bless them:

That he will impart wisdom to the Government of this Union, and direct to such measures as shall promote the best interests of the whole country:

That He will inspire those who conduct the administration of our public affairs with an elevated patriotism, a love of Justice and of Peace, and cause that a speedy termination be put to that war which exists between this and a neighboring Republic, so that the soldiers of their armies shall no more imbrue their hands with each others blood, and the sound of lamentation and mourning shall no more be heard for those who are slain in battle:

That He will appoint and give efficiency to the means which shall, in His own good time, exhibit to the world a practical illustration of that prominent and beautiful truth put forth in our Declaration of Independence, "*that all men are created equal*," and present this great confederacy of States without a bondman within its limits:

Finally, that He will hasten the time when the religion of His Son shall pervade the whole earth, animate the heart and influence the conduct of every one of its inhabitants, and when the song of Angels, heard by the Shepherds of Judea, shall be echoed by the whole human family, "Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth Peace and Good Will toward Men."

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this twenty-eighth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, and of the Independence of the United States the seventy-first.

GEORGE N. BRIGGS.

By His Excellency the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Council.

JOHN G. PALFREY, Secretary.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

WILLIAM BELL,
56 *Court street, head of Brattle street, and* 62 *Tremont street, near the Whig Reading Room, BOSTON.*
MANUFACTURER OF
Solid Leather, Boot Top, Fancy and Common
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ONE PRICE,
and this guaranteed to be the lowest that similar articles can be obtained for.
DEALERS IN CLOTHING, and TRADERS FROM THE SOUTH and WEST, are invited to examine this Stock before making their purchases.
A large lot of THIN CLOTHING will be closed off at REDUCED PRICES.
CITY TRADE.
We guarantee them as good and fashionable GARMENTS as can be obtained in Boston, at much less prices than is usually paid—style, fit and workmanship not to be excelled. Made from the most fashionable fabrics. Any description of Clothing made to order, at short notice, and *low prices*.
Just received of an Insolvent Debtor, one of the best retail Stocks in the city, which will be sold at 25 per cent discount from the cost to manufacture.
Also—One ditto at 40 per cent dis.
J. SIMMONS & CO.
jy4 is6m Over Quincy Market, Boston.

GREENWOOD'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.—JENKS & PALMER have just published the forty-first editon of 'a Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Christian Worship,' by Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood.
This collection of Psalms and Hymns is universally approved, by all persons who have examined it; and has given great satisfaction where it has been used.
The following are some of the societies and towns in which the book is in use, viz: King's Chapel, (Rev. F W. P. Greenwood;) Hollis Street Society, (Rev. J. Pierpont;) Second Society (Rev. C. Robbins;) New South Society (Rev. A. Young;) Federal street Society (Rev. Dr. Channing;) Bulfinch st. Church (Rev. Frederick T. Gray;) Purchase street, (Rev. Mr. Coolidge,) Boston. Church of the Messiah, New York, (Rev. Dr. Dewey;) Church of the Savior, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Rev. Mr. Farley;) Cambridge, Cambridgeport, Roxbury, Milton, Dorchester, Marshfield, Watertown, Brookfield, Brighton, Chelsea, Lowell, Lexington, Lincoln, Weston, Newburyport, Sandwich, Sherburne, Uxbridge, Medfield, Lancaster, Chelmsford, Hingham, Cohasset, Ashby, Andover, Dover, Northboro', Cabotville, Ipswich, Bedford, Greenfield, Beverly, Dedham, Medford, Billerica, Waltham, Lynn, Brookline, Sterling, Mass; Portsmouth, Walpole, Dover, N. H; Portland, Hallowell, Agusta, Bangor, Castine, Me; Hartford, Ct; Syracuse, Rochester, N. Y; Providence, Newport, R. I.; Brattleboro', Vt; Savannah, Geo; Mobile, Ala; Allton, Ill; St. Louis, Mo; Louisville, Ky; and many other societies in New England and the Southern and Western States.
The book was enlarged upon publication of the 'six teenth edition by the addition of about sixty Hymns.—Societies and Clergymen are respectfully requested to examine this collection, and those wishing copies for that purpose will be supplied gratis, by applying to the Publishers, Boston, 131 Washington st., (up stairs.)
March 28 tf

BOARDING SCHOOL AT CONCORD, MASS. The academic year in the subscriber's School is divided into three terms of fifteen weeks each, commencing on the first Mondays of January, May and September. The School is a private Academy, limited in number, and receives the undivided attention of its teachers. Every effort is made to render the School and family *pleasant* and *profitable* to the pupils;—the course of instruction embraces the branches of a thorough English and classical education.
Terms $3,00 per week, including instruction, board, washing, &c.
Reference is permitted to the following gentlemen in Boston:—Samuel Greele, F. O. Watts, Francis Fisher, W. W. Clapp, Joseph Breck, George Howe, J. L. L. F. Warren, Levi Parker, Wm. D. Adams, Wm. D. Swan and David Reed; Drs. A. Ball, John Homans, J. V. C. Smith, and Rev. F. D. Huntington; Dr. Edward Jarvis of Dorchester, and Hon. Samuel Hoar and Joseph Barrett Esq. of Concord.
CHARLES W. GOODNOW.
Concord, Mass., Jan. 15, 1845. ostf j24

VENTILATE YOUR HOUSES. A Practical Treatise on Ventilation, by Morrill Wyman. This is a Practical Treatise on Ventilation, embracing much scientific and useful information upon a subject that is applicable to our own country. The design of the author, as expressed upon its pages, is to present to the public those principles of ventilation which have been for the most part, successfully applied in Europe, and also to offer such suggestions and arrangements as seem best fitted to answer that purpose in our own climate.—Entering into a philosophical and analytical investigation of the real qualities of the atmosphere, he proceeds to the consideration of the mode of preventing and removing impurities of the air, and the proper manner of ventilating the various edifices which require it. The work is one of great practical value. [Merchants' Magazine.
1 vol 12mo, pp 435, with 82 cuts. Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st. 3t a1g

MR. AND MRS. G. WILKES' BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL, for a limited number of Young Ladies, No 29 Bowdoin street, Boston.
This establishment will re-open after the present vacation, on Monday, 21st September. Parents and Guardians desirous to place their children and wards, are respectfully requested to apply for admission into the School early in Sept.
REFERENCES.—Rt. Rev. Bishop Eastburne, Daniel Sharp, D. D., Rev Edward N. Kirk, Rev Baron Stow, Rev R. W. Cushman, Hon. Abbot Lawrence, Samuel Walley, Sen., Esq., Jonathan Forbush, Esq., Boston; Hon. Isaac Livermore, Cambridge; Isaac Winslow, Esq., P. Wainwright, Esq., Roxbury; Rev. Alfred L. Baury, Newton, L. F.; Daniel L. Carroll, D. D., New York; Rev John Owen, New York; Rev. J. Pierpont, Troy, N. Y.; Col. Sherburne, U. S. A., Philadelphia; Rev. Hiram P. Goodrich, Jefferson City, Mo. is2wos4w a29

CHURCH ORGANS. Societies or Committees about purchasing Organs are invited to call at our Manufactory, on Causeway, opposite Nashua st., Boston, where they will find new and second hand Organ constantly on hand.
Our arrangements are so complete that we can finish or build instruments of any size at the shortest notice, and warrant them equal to the *best* which can be produced in this country, and on as reasonable terms.
We would refer to the large Organ lately built by us in the Rev. Dr. Beecher's Church, Salem street.
Professional reference of the first authority.
f28 ostf SIMMONS & McINTIRE.

PROSPECTUS
OF A RELIGIOUS JOURNAL, ENTITLED
THE WESTERN EVANGELIST,
DEVOTED to the cause of Christianity in its most liberal, comprehensive, and rational form. Published at Buffalo, N. Y., and conducted by
REV. L. S. EVERETT.
TERMS.—The Terms of the Western Evangelist will be, invariably, Two Dollars a year, in advance; to which twenty-five cents will be added for every three months delay. a8

WANTED, to supply files, a few copies of the Christian Register of June 6th. Subscribers who have no further use for that number will do the publisher a favor by sending it, by mail, or otherwise, addressed to "Christian Register, Boston." jy11

CASSIUS M. CLAY'S PAPER, THE TRUE AMERICAN. Subscription for this paper are taken at the Bookstore of Mr. B. H. GREENE, No. 124 Washington street, Boston.
Terms $2,50 per annum, payable in advance; or $10 for five subscribers to one address.
All communications must be addressed, postage paid, to CALEB HARTSHORN,
jan17 Agent for New England States.

PALFREY'S LOWELL LECTURES. Lowell Lectures on the evidence of Christianity, by John Gorham Palfrey, with a discourse on the Life and Character of John Lowell, Jr., by Edward Everett, 2 vols 8vo.
Published by J. MRNROE & CO., 134 Washington st. ag1

FLINT'S GEOGRAPHY. The History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley; to which is appended a Condensed Physical Geography of the Atlantic United States, and the whole American Continent; second edition; by Timothy Flint, author of "Recollections of the last Ten Years in the Mississippi Valley."
For sale at the office of the Christian Register, 1½ Water street. ap11

LIVERMORE'S NEW BOOK. Lectures to Young Men, on their Moral Dangers and Duties, by Abiel Abbot Livermore; 1 vol 16mo.
Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington st. jy18

CHANNING'S WORKS. The Works of the late Dr W. E. Channing, handsomely bound in cloth, 6 ols; may be obtained at the Christian Register Office, at the low price of three dollars a set. je27

LYRICA SACRA; or, War Songs and Ballads from the Old Testament; by William Plummer, Jr. Just published by WM. CROSBY & H. P. NICHOLS, 118 Washington st. ag8

LIBERAL PREACHER. Complete sets of the Liberal Preacher, are for sale at the Christian Register Office. $5 a set, unbound. 11p

BATES' PATENT
Sliding Top Chamber Shower Bath.
THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he continues to manufacture and has on hand a large assortment of the above celebrated CHAMBER SHOWER BATHS; he will finish them to suit the taste of the purchaser. From numerous recommendations, the following are selected:
[From Dr John C. Warren, Hersey Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard University.]
At the request of Mr Bates, I have examined his Chamber Shower Bath. It appears to me to be the most convenient portable shower bath I am acquainted with, for it is light, neat, and worked with very little trouble. This is an improvement which I am very glad to see, because I consider the external application of cold water to be a practice highly useful, and even important to most individuals.
The daily washing of the body serves to remove the cuticle which is constantly forming on the surface of the skin, and thus purifies it, and leaves its pores open for the discharge of those fluids which the preservation of health requires. Another great advantage is, that the sudden application of cold water in this mode to the suface of the body produces a bracing effect on the internal organs, particularly those of digestion.
The introduction of these baths into public hotels would be, in my humble opinion, one of the greatest additions to the comfort of travellers, and their general use in private families would add much to the health of our whole population. JOHN C. WARREN.
Boston, April 2, 1845.

[From Dr. Geo. Hayward, Professor of the principles of Clinical Surgery in Harvard University.
Sir,—Having seen in operation, and examined the Chamber Shower Bath of Mr Bates, I take great pleasure in expressing my approbation of it. Frequent bathing is so necessary to health and comfort, that I am glad an apparatus has been constructed by which a person can take a shower bath in his own chamber with very little inconvenience. The bath of Mr Bates I think well adapted to the end proposed, and hope it will come into extensive use. GEO. HAYWARD.
Boston, April 7, 1845.

[From Dr. J. W. F. Lane.]
Boston, March 1, 1845.
The functions of the digestive apparatus and of the skin are so intimately connected, that the disturbance of the former frequently results solely from impediments to the due discharge of the duties of the latter. From inattention to cleanliness of the whole surface of the body, and from a want of more frequent general ablution, the minute pores of the skin become blocked up, so that the proper evaporation can no longer take place. To obviate these difficulties, and the diseases originating from them, no measure is perhaps so well adapted as the shower bath, properly regulated.
The patent Bath of Mr Bates, manufactured by L. V. Badger, is an article not only well adapted to all the cleanly purposes of the body, but so combines neatness and elegance as to be an ornament to any chamber.—The day cannot be far distant, when it will be deemed as essential to furnish the dressing room with one of these, as it formerly was with the washbasin, and the advantages to the health resulting from the change, will soon make themselves apparent.
J. W. F. LANE, M. D.

[From the Hon Harrison Gray Otis, Boston.]
Mr. L. V. Badger: Sir,—In reply to your note, I am quite ready to say, that I have used your Vapor Lamp, in connection with a chair and curtain, which was originally furnished with a spirit-burner, and that I prefer yours altogether, as it may be placed at a distance from the other apparatus with perfect safety.
I am respectfully yours, &c.
H. G. OTIS.

[From H. G. O. Colby, Judge C. C. P., New Bedford.]
Mr L. V. Badger: Sir,—I have used one of your Patent Shower Baths for nearly a year, and take much pleasure in recommending it to the public. After I had given it a fair trial, I was so impressed with its usefulness, that I took special pains to speak of it to persons of my acquaintance, many of whom have purchased the article, and recommend it in the highest terms. My family would be willing to part with many articles, which are commonly considered of prime necessity, rather than relinquish their shower bath. If every householder could be induced to purchase one, we should hear less of those terrible pulmonary complaints, which are the scourge of New England.

The following gentlemen have the Bath in use in their families:
Hon Peleg Sprague, Judge U. S. Court.
Hon Lemuel Shaw, Chief Justice S. J. Court.
Hon Robert C. Winthrop, Member of Congress.
Hon John Quincy Adams, do do.
Hon Josiah Quincy, Jr., Mayor of Boston.
Rev Francis Parkman, Boston.
Professor Felton, Harvard College.
Dr John C. Warren, Boston.
Dr Winslow Lewis, Jr. do.
Dr John Homans, do.
Dr J. W. F. Lane, do.
Professor Greenleaf, Harvard College.
Charles Sumner, Esq., Boston.
Dr Wigglesworth, do.
Dr G. H. Lodge, do.
Rev John Pierpont, do.
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